







THE  
Temple of Mirth;  
or Fete of  
COMUS & BACCHUS,  
*Containing a most extensive*  
*Collection of original*  
Bon Mots,  
JESTS, REPARTEES, &c.  
*To which is added, a Selection of*  
TOASTS & SENTIMENTS.

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# THE Temple of Mirth.

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I WILL give you what I call the king of bulls. An Irish baronet, walking out with a gentleman, who told me the story, was met by his nurse, who requested charity. The baronet exclaimed vehemently, "I will give you nothing. You played me a scandalous trick in my infancy." The old woman, in amazement, asked him what injury she had done him? He answered, "I was a *fine* boy, and you *changed* me."

In this bull even personal identity is confounded. T. W.

A poor monk went one day into a barber's shop, in Paris, and requested to be shaved, *pour l'amour de Dieu*, (i. e.) for the love of God." The barber,

not being one of those who love to sacrifice two-pence to an act of piety, treated the poor monk with a blunt razor, and water scarcely warm. Under these circumstances, it was impossible the operation could be well performed. The barber scratched and cut the poor victim of his avarice, who sat with tears in his eyes, longing to be set at liberty. In the mean time, a cat and a monkey making a noise together, at the other side of the room, the barber called to know what was the matter.—“ Oh ! ” replied the monk, “ it is only the monkey shaving the cat for the love of God.”



Henry IV. being given to the love of other women besides his queen, was sharply reprov'd by a rich abbot, his confessor. The king seemed to take the rebuke well; and invited him that day to dine with him, where the abbot fed very heartily upon a dish of roasted partridges. His Majesty observing this, asked him why he did not eat of some other dishes, which he thought better. The abbot told the king, nothing could be better to him than roasted partridges, for it was his beloved dish above all others. The

next day the king caused the abbot to be arrested, and committed close prisoner to the Bastile; with a strict command to the keeper to let him have no meat but roasted partridges; which at first pleased the abbot; but, having no other diet for a week together, he began to nauseate it. At the week's end the king sent for him under pretence of examining him; and having urged him to a confession of the treason he charged him with, the abbot pleaded his innocence, and confessed nothing. "Well," said the king, "since you are so obstinate, you must e'en go to prison again:" to which the abbot replied, "I do beseech your majesty if I must be confined that I may be ordered some other diet." "Why, what diet have you had?" said the king: "Nothing," answered the abbot, "but partridges." "Why," said his majesty, "you told me that was the diet you loved best." "'Tis true," said the abbot, "but always *partridges*! I now *loath* them, and beg other food." "Very well," replied the king: "it is just so with me. I love my queen above all women in the world, but *always the queen, always the queen!*—this is too tire-

some, and makes me sometimes desire *change of diet*, as well as you do." So laughing at the abbot, he set him at liberty.

A monk, who acted as librarian to his society, being employed to make a catalogue of the books, on taking up an Hebrew author, of which tongue he was completely ignorant, was a long time at a loss how to describe the volume. At length he inserted it in the catalogue, under the title of *a book which has the beginning where the end should be*.

Mons. A\*\*\*, professor and principal in the academy of Saumur, used to spend five hours of the morning regularly in his study, and was very punctual at the hour of dinner. One day, on his not appearing precisely at the dinner-hour, his wife entered his study, and found him still reading. "I wish, my love," said the lady, "that I was a book." "Why so?" replied the professor. "Because you would then be constant to me." "I should have no objection," rejoined the professor, "provided you were an *almanack*." "Why an almanack, my dear?"

"Because I should then have a *new one* every year."



"*This house to let.*" Thus read Bannister to Wilson, on the front of a dwelling, which had been apparently unoccupied for some years—"I'll make some enquiry about this," said Charles—"Will you be so kind to inform me, sir, what is the annual rent of that empty house?"—"Fifty pounds, besides taxes"—"Will you let anything with it?"—"No, why do you *ax*?"—"Because if you *let it alone*, it will tumble down."



When the Duke and Duchess of R—— were travelling in Kent, they alighted at an inconsiderable inn, where the host was uncommonly savage. The Duke, supposing that he did not know the quality of his guest, told the landlord, with some *fierce*, that he had a privy counsellor in his house, who could commit any insolent fellow to prison, in any manner that he thought fit. "That moay bee," said the man rather coarsely, "but I does not care for a counsellor, any more than for an excoiseman; I poysscot

and lot, and all the counsellors in Britain may kiss my —” “What, fellow,” rejoined his Grace, “have you no regard for your superior officer? But I’ll make a circumvallation about your fortification, you miscreant, and spring a mine, and blow you to perdition. I’ll take out my *dedimus* here immediately,” said he to the Duchess. “Oh fie, my lord duke, don’t think of it in such a situation as this.” “I will, by the Lord,” roared the prince of redoubts. “Nay, then, as I see your Grace is determined,” rejoined the lady, “for the sake of decency, stay till the fellow leaves the room.”



An honest tar hired a horse to carry him a few miles, but before he had gone many yards, he found he possessed the usual *excellencies* of the unfortunate four-footed hirelings of the road, such as blindness, lameness, stumbling, &c. &c. The sailor, however (having been unshipped twice with very little ceremony in the length of half a mile, by the creature falling on its knees) hit upon a very whimsical mode of curing the impediment, which was by tying a large stone to the tail, and in that state rode it several



miles, swearing, "shiver his timbers, but it was the only thing to prevent the ship's going too much a-head."

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A legal gentleman of the Temple, who, for a considerable time, paid his addresses to the daughter of a bookseller in Holborn, was some days ago forbidden the house; on which he immediately sent in a bill of 9*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* for two hundred and seventy-five attendances, advising on family affairs, &c.

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An Hibernian being lately asked if he liked salmon, answered, "Yes, pickled; for," says he, "if I go to market and buy a bit of *fresh* salmon, it is so *stale* that it is not fit to eat."

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At Worcester, there was an idiot, who was employed at the cathedral there, in blowing the organ. A remarkable fine anthem being performed one day, the organ-blower, when all was over, said, "I think we have performed mighty well to-day." "*We* performed!" answered the organist; "I think 'twas I performed, or I am much mistaken." Shortly after, another celebrated piece of music

was to be played. In the middle of the anthem, the organ stops all at once. The organist cries out in a passion, "Why don't you blow?" The fellow, on that, pops out his head from behind the organ, and said, "Shall it be *we* then?"

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At a banquet, when solving enigmas was one of the diversions, Alexander said to his courtiers—"What is that which did not come last year, has not come this year, and will not come next year?" A distressed officer starting up, said—"It certainly must be our arrears of pay."—The King was so diverted, that he commanded him to be paid up, and also increased his salary!

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The late fashionable inoculation by the cow pox, it is said, will remove all apprehensions, lest the breed of John Bull should degenerate.

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Old age most pleasing in the five following things:

Old wood to burn

Old wine to drink

Old friends to meet

Old authors to read

And Old Age in good humour.

A schoolmaster hearing one of his scholars read, the boy, when he came to the word Honour, pronounced it full; the master told him it should be spoke without the H. as thus, *onour*: "Very well, sir," replied the lad, "I will remember for the future." "Ay," said his master, "always drop the H." The next morning the master's tea, with a hot muffin, had been brought to his desk; but the duties of his avocation made him wait till it was cold; when speaking to the same boy, he told him to take the muffin to the fire, and *heat it*; "Yes, sir," replied the scholar, and taking it to the fire, "*eat it.*" Presently the master calls for his muffin; "I have eat it, as you bid me," said the boy: "Eat it, you scoundrel? I bid you take it to the fire and heat it:" "But, sir," answered the lad, "yesterday you told me always to drop the H."



A story was published some time ago in most of the papers, respecting a man whose head was cut off during the massacre at Paris, in September 1792. The head fastened its jaws upon the leg of the executioner, and bit it in such a manner

as to occasion his death. We have no doubt about the authenticity of this story, but our objection to it is, that it may injure the memory of St. Patrick, who *only* swam across the Shannon with his *head* in his *teeth*!



A baker in the habit of making bread short of weight, one morning observed the annoyance jury in his neighbourhood, and expecting they would call at his shop, ordered the man to take the light bread into the cellar. Presently after the jury called, and weighing his loaves, found them all weight. As they were leaving the house, a jackdaw, which hung up in the shop, and had not been observed, calls out, "The light bread's in the cellar—the right bread's in the cellar:" which words being taken notice of by one of the jury, he desired his brethren to return and go below, where they found a quantity of bread much deficient in weight, and fined the honest baker in the full penalty. To punish the informer, the baker, as soon as the jury had left him, takes the bird out of the cage, twists his neck, and throws him on a dunghill in his yard. A sow, that had died in farrow-

ing, had been thrown in the same place. But the bird, whose neck was not broke, in a short time recovered: shaking his feathers, and looking about, he perceived the old sow; he hopped up, and taking her by the ear with his bill, called out, "Did you say any thing about the light bread?"



The late Dr. Howard, of pleasant memory, collecting a brief with the parish officers of St. George, Southwark, where he had been many years rector, called, among the rest of the inhabitants, on a grocer, with whom he had a running account. To prevent being first asked for a settlement, he enquired if he was not some trifle in his debt. On referring to the ledger, there appeared a balance of seventeen shillings in favour of the tradesman: the doctor had recourse to his pocket, and pulling out some halfpence, a little silver, and a guinea, Mr. Fig, eyeing the latter with a degree of surprise, exclaimed, "Good God, sir, you seem to have got a *stranger* there!" "Indeed I have, Mr. Fig," replied the wit, returning it very deliberately into his pocket,

“and before we part we shall be better acquainted.”



Dr. Henniker, being in private conversation with the Earl of Chatham, his Lordship asked him, among other questions, how he defined wit? “My Lord,” said the doctor, “Wit is like what a pension would be, given by your Lordship to your humble servant—“A good thing well applied.”



*Shuter, the comedian.*—It is well known that this celebrated comedian, in the very early part of his life, was tapster at a public-house in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden. A gentleman one day ordered him to call a hackney coach, which he accordingly did, and attended the gentleman at his getting in. It so happened that the gentleman left his gold-headed cane in the coach, and missing it the next morning, went immediately to the public-house, to inquire of the boy, Ned (who called the coach) whether he could tell the number. Shuter, who was then no great adept in figures, except in his own way of scoring up a reckoning, immediately replied—“It was two pots

of porter, a shillingsworth of punch, and a paper of tobacco." The gentleman, upon this, was as much at a loss as ever, till Ned whipped out his chalk, and thus scored the reckoning—4 4 for two pots of porter, 0 for a shilling-worth of punch, and a line across the two pots of porter for a paper of tobacco, which formed the number 440. The gentleman in consequence recovered his cane; and thinking it a pity such acuteness of genius should be buried in an alehouse, took him away, and put him to school, and thereby enabled him to shine as the first comedian of his time!



Mr. Bannister relates a very witty thing said by Jack Ketch, as he was tying the halter. A culprit asked him "if he had any commands to the other world!"—"Why," said Jack Ketch, "not many; I'll only," added he, as he adjusted the knot under his left ear, "just trouble you—with *a line*."



The captain of one of the British frigates, a man of undaunted bravery, had a mutual antipathy to a *cat*. A sailor, who from his misconduct had been or-

dered a flogging, saved his back by presenting to his captain the following petition :

By your honour's command  
 A culprit I stand,  
 An example to all the ship's crew;  
 I am pinion'd and stript,  
 And condemn'd to be whipt;  
 And if I am flogg'd—'tis my due!  
 A *cat*, I am told,  
 In abhorrence you hold:  
 Your honour's aversion is mine!——  
 If a *cat* with *one* tail  
 Makes your stout heart to fail,  
 O, save me from one that has *nine*!



At a wine-vault not far from St. Bartholomew's Hospital, the landlord, who is in the habit of making so free with his customers, as to help himself to a glass of the liquor they make choice of, and taking money for it upon receiving the reckoning, some time since ordered a pair of breeches from his taylor, who, thinking this a proper opportunity to retaliate, added to his bill another pair for himself. When the landlord asked an explanation—"Why," says Snip, "you always make me stand treat when I become your



customer, and I thought it was but fair to return you the compliment."



A Frenchman, being taken prisoner by the Algerines, was asked, what he could do as a slave? His answer was, he had been used to a *sedentary* employment. "Well then," said the pirates, "we will put you on a pair of *feather* breeches, and make you *hatch chickens*."



In an advertisement for a young gentleman who lately left his parents, it is mentioned, that if master Bobby will return to his disconsolate mother, he shan't be put upon any more by his sister, and be allowed to *sweeten his own tea*.



An officer in Lord Jervis's fleet was asking one of the captains, who was gallantly bearing down upon the Spanish fleet, whether he had reckoned the number of the enemy? "No," replied the latter, "it will be time enough to do that, when we have made them strike!"



The editor of a provincial paper observes, that at the present moment the fair sex in this country, cultivate the *fine*

*arts*, with success. This is undoubtedly true; it has long been remarked, how well some of them can *paint*!



This world's a *printing-house*, in which  
enclosure;  
Each soul's a *sheet*, form'd by the *Great*  
*Composer*;  
Our *thoughts* and *deeds*, are *types*, of va-  
rious *sizes*,  
Which *Christ* *corrects*, and Heav'n the  
whole *revises*,  
*Death* is the *printing-press*, from which  
being driv'n,  
We're gather'd sheet by sheet, and bound  
for Heav'n.



A private soldier had three puppies—his captain seeing them, asked him the name of one of them, to which he replied, "Captain;" he asked him the name of the second; he told him his name was Captain; he then asked him the name of the third, and was still answered Captain. The officer replied, "They are all Captains?" "Yes," said the private, "*every puppy is a captain now!*"

A Quaker who was examined before their honours the governors of the excise office, *touching some certain duties*, that it was supposed had not been properly paid, was rather more primitive in his language than they liked; and not choosing to use any other titles than *thee, thou*, and *friend*, one of them, with a very stern countenance, asked him—"Pray Mr. ——— do you know for what we sit here?" "Yea," replied Nathan, "I do: some of you for five hundred, others for a thousand, and I have been told, others for two thousand pounds a year."



A Frenchman having lately been condemned at Dublin to be hanged, when the rope was putting about his neck, exclaimed piteously, *Misericorde! misericorde!* (Mercy! mercy!) on which the hangman cried out, "*measure the cord*, you thief! it's long enough to hang a dozen such rogues as you."



At a city feast, the other day, one of the company was expatiating on the blessings of Providence.—"Aye," said an Alderman, smacking his lips, "it is

a blessed place, sure enough; we get all our turtle from it."

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Brisk Jannet agreed with soft Lubin to wed,

And shortly the nymph to the altar he led;  
Returning and chattering he seem'd indispos'd,

He hung down his head, and his eyelids were clos'd:

"I'm afraid, my dear Jannet," says he,

"I'm to blame,

"I've been guilty of somewhat I hardly dare name;

"Hitherto I the matter with care have conceal'd,

"But sooner or later it must be reveal'd."

"Good heav'n!" says Jannet, "what's the secret behind?"

"You alarm me, pray speak?—this was very unkind."

"Oh!" says he, "I'd a child ere my Jannet I knew."

"*One* child!" exclaims she; "Lord, Sir! I've had *two*."

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An action was brought in Jamaica against a person for printing some music.

After the plaintiff's journeymen had proved the work done, the defendant's counsel, Mr. Baker, asked him, if the music was not very incorrectly printed?

"Sir," said the witness, "I am no musician; I understand you are, and therefore, if you will *sing it over* to the court and jury, they will be able to judge for themselves."

\*\*\*Q\*\*\*

A tradesman's wife having purchased a raven, one of her neighbours asked her, how she thought of buying such an ugly and useless bird? "*My husband and I,*" replied she, "wish to try the experiment, whether it be true, that ravens *live to the age of seven or eight hundred years.*"

\*\*\*Q\*\*\*

A gentleman having called his servant to assist him in dressing, the latter, who had been employed in some dirty work, came up, all over dust. The master, in a passion, took up a cane, and was going to lay it over the fellow's back, when he cried out, "Sir, sir, if you wish to *dust my coat*, I beg you will let me take it off first!"

“ Mr. R——s, of Stanhope-street, presents his most respectful compliments to the gentleman who did him the honour of eating a couple of roast chickens, drinking sundry tankards of ale, and three bottles of Madeira, &c. at his house on Monday night. *In their haste* they took away the tankard; they are heartily welcome to that: to the table-spoons and to the light guineas which were in an old red morocco pocket-book, they are also *heartily welcome*: but in the said pocket-book there were several loose papers, which consisting of private memorandums, receipts, &c. can be of no use to his *kind* and *friendly* visitors, but are important to him; he therefore hopes and trusts, they will be so polite as to take some opportunity of returning them. For an old family watch which was in the same drawer, he cannot ask on the same terms; but if any way could be pointed out, by which he could replace it with twice as many heavy guineas as they can get for it, he would gladly be the purchaser; and is with due respect, their’s, &c.

“ W. R.”

A packet was a few nights afterwards dropped into the area of his house, con-

taining the books and papers, with this apologetical epistle:—

“ Sir,

“ You are quiet a *gemman*. Your madery we be’s not use to, and it got into our upper works, or we would niver have cribb’d your papers. They be all marched back agen with the red book. Your ale was mortal good, and the tankard and spoons were made into a *white soup* in Duke’s Place two hours before dey-lite. The old family watch cases were, at the same time, made into a *brown gravy*, and the *guts* are *new christened*, and on their voyage to Holland. If they had not been *transported*, you should have had ’em agen, for you are quiet a *gemman*; but you know as they have been christened and got a *new* name, they would no longer be of your *old* family. And soe sir, we have nothing more to say, but that we be much obligated to you, and shall be glad to sarve and wissit you by nite or by day, and are yours til death.

“ A. B. & C.”

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A clock and watch-maker in a provincial town, who is at present prosecuted by

the corporation as having no right to exercise the business, has advertised to his customers "that notwithstanding the attempt to *dog* his industry, he will always find in their favours a *spring* of grateful exertions, and that if countenanced by their support, in spite of the malice of corporations he will continue to make and repair clocks and watches *till the end of time.*"



A Hereford paper mentions, that such is the rage for Psalmody at and near that place, that *psalm singing lozenges* are actually applied for; and that a man, discovered a few nights ago under a bridge, was by his own account, only *catching a little cold* that he might be the better able to sing *bass* on the ensuing Sunday.



When Lord Howe was captain of the *Magnanime*, a negro sailor on board was ordered to be flogged: every thing being prepared, and the ship's company assembled to see the punishment inflicted, Captain Howe made a long address to the culprit, on the enormity of his offence, Poor Mungo, tired of the harangue, and



of having his back exposed to the cold, exclaimed—" Massa! if you floggee, floggee; or if you preachee, preachee; but no preachee and floggee to!"

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The late Mr. Whitfield, preached at a chapel in New England, where a collection was to be made after the sermon. A British sailor, who had strolled into the meeting, observed some persons to take plates, and place themselves at the door, upon which he laid hold of one, and taking his station, received a considerable sum from the congregation as they departed, which he very deliberately put into the pocket of his tarry trowsers: this being told to Mr. Whitfield, he applied to the sailor for the money, saying it was collected for charitable uses, and must be given to him. "Avast there!" said Jack, "it was given to me, and I shall keep it." "You will be d—d," said the parson, "if you don't return it." "I will be d—d if I do," replied Jack, and sheered off with his prize.

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The following circumstance is an instance of the whimsical eccentricity which distinguished the character of the late

Duke of Montague. His Grace, one evening, accompanied by a few very facetious friends, took a hackney coach, and ordered the man to drive to the back of St. Clement's; when they were arrived there, the duke got out and walked round the coach to the other door, and was, in consequence of a concerted plan, followed by his friends: they entered the coach on the opposite side to where the man stood, and passed through the coach one after another eighteen times, to the astonishment of the coachman, who ran into the first public-house he saw, and in the utmost fright, declared he had been carrying a *legion of devils*, for he had counted eighteen of them, and they were coming out still!



A fashionable emigrant was invited on Michaelmas-day last to dine with an alderman in the city, in whose hands he had lodged money, and was for a long time tormented with the extravagant encomiums on a *giblet pye*, which his host was most voraciously devouring. "Have you ever, mounseer," said Mr. Greenfat, "have you ever seen any thing like it?" "Nothing in my life," replied the other,

"except your worship's wig." "Ha! ha!" exclaims the alderman, "that's a *good-one*. But pray how is my wig like that *pye*?" "*Par Dieu*," rejoined the Frenchman, "because it has a *goose's head* in it."



An Irishman, the captain of a vessel, not much acquainted with the manner of the world, went lately to the opera. On his return to his lodgings, he was asked how the performers acquitted themselves. "By J—s," replied he, "I don't know, but I believe very so, so; for there was one of them, called *Bonte* or *Bunte*, or some such name, and she sung so d—d bad, that they made her sing all her songs over again."



A reprobate buck parson, going to read prayers at a remote village in the West of England, found great difficulty in putting on the surplice, which was an old-fashioned one. "D—n this old surplice," said he to the clerk, "I think the devil is in it." The astonished clerk waited till the parson had got it on, and then sarcastically answered, *I think as how he is, Zur!*

An old lady, meeting a Cambridge man, asked him, "How her nephew behaved himself?" "Truly, madam," says he; "he is a brave fellow, and sticks close to *Catherine Hall* (A College.)" "I vow," said she, "I feared as much; he was always hankering after the *wenches* from a boy."



Queen Elizabeth seeing a gentleman in her garden who had not felt the effect of her favors so soon as he expected, looking out of her window, said to him in Italian, "What does a man think of, Sir Edward, when he thinks of nothing?" After a short pause, he answered, "He thinks, madam, of a woman's promise." The Queen shrunk in her head, but was heard to say, "Well, Sir Edward, I must not confute you: anger makes dull men witty, but it keeps them poor."



A gentleman who has the honour to be engraver to his Majesty, disposed of two daughters in marriage, giving with the eldest fifteen hundred pounds, and with the other a thousand; upon being asked by a particular friend, why he made so great a difference between them, "First

*impressions,"* replied he, "*are always most valuable."*



An English man of war falling in with a Frenchman on a cruize, all hands prepared to engage; one more pious than his comrades, just when the English were about to pour a broadside, dropped on his knees, and, with hands lifted towards heaven, exclaimed, *For what we are going to receive the Lord make us thankful!*



Three ladies meeting on a visit, a grocer's wife, a cheesemonger's, and a tobacconist's, who perhaps stood more upon the punctilios of precedence than some of their betters; when they were taking leave, the cheesemonger's wife was going out of the room first, upon which the grocer's lady pulling her back by the tail of her gown, and stepping before her, "No, madam, (says she) nothing comes after cheese."—"I beg your pardon, madam," replies the cheesemonger's wife, putting the tobacconist's lady back, who was also stepping before her, "after cheese comes tobacco."

A child of six years of age being introduced into company for his extraordinary abilities, was asked by an eminent dignified clergyman, *where God was*, with the proffered reward of an orange. "Tell me," replied the boy, "*where he is not*, and I will give you two!"



Dr. Franklin, when a child, found the long graces used by his father very disagreeable. One day, after the winter's provisions had been salted, "I think, father," said Benjamin, "if you said grace over the whole cask, *once for all*, it would be a vast saving of time."



Judge Burnet, son of the famous Bishop of Salisbury, when young, is said to have been of a wild and dissipated turn. Being one day found by his father in a very serious humour, "What is the matter with you, Tom?" said the bishop, "What are you ruminating on?" "A greater work than your Lordship's History of the Reformation," answered the son. "Ay! what is that?" said the father. "*The reformation of myself*, my Lord," replied the son.

A dragoon was shot in Dublin for desertion, and taking away his horse and accoutrements at the same time. When on his trial, an officer asked him what could induce him to take his horse away? To which he replied, "*he ran away with him.*"—"What," said the officer, "did you do with the money you sold him for?"—"That, please your honour," said the fellow, with the utmost indifference, "*ran away too.*"



A gentleman who happened to sit in company with Foote at the Smyrna coffee-house, took up a newspaper, saying, "He wanted to see what the ministry were about:" Foote, with a smile, said, "*Look among the robberies.*"



When the amiable Duchess of Northumberland was some years ago on the Continent, she stopped at an inn in French Flanders, at the Golden Goose; but arriving late, and being somewhat fatigued with her journey, she ordered but a slight repast for her and her suite, which consisted only of five servants. In the morning, when the landlord presented his bill, her secretary was much surprised at one

general item of "expences for the night fourteen Louis d'ors." In vain did he remonstrate; the artful Fleming knew the generous character of the Duchess, and was positive. The money was accordingly paid. When she was preparing to depart, the landlord, as usual, attended her to the carriage; and after making many congees, and, expressing much thanks, hoped he should have the honour of her Grace's company on her return. "Why, I don't know but I may," said the Duchess, with her usual good-humour; "but it must be upon one condition, *that you do not mistake me for your sign.*"



A certain Bishop had a Biscayan manservant, whom he ordered one festival to go to a butcher, who was called David, for a piece of meat, and then come to church, where the bishop was to preach. The bishop, in his sermon, bringing authorities from the scripture in this manner:—*Isaiah says thus; Jeremiah says thus:* at last happening to turn towards the door, as his servant came in, went on, *And what says David?* Upon which the Biscayan roared out, "He swears to



God, that if you do not pay your bill, you need never send to his shop again."



Tom Burn happening to be at dinner at my Lord Mayor's, in the latter part of Queen Anne's reign; after two or three healths, the ministry were toasted; but when it came to Tom's turn to drink, he diverted it for some time, by telling a story to a person who sat next him. The chief magistrate of the city, not seeing his toast go round, called out, "Gentlemen, where sticks the ministry?" "*At nothing,*" says Tom, and so drank off his glass.



Joannes Scotus, an Irishman, being in company with Charles the Bald, king of France, that monarch merrily said, "What is the difference between a Scot and a sot?" Scotus, who sat opposite to the king, said, "*Only the breadth of the table.*"



Two gentlemen of the city of Bath, having had some high words, one of them was seen the ensuing morning taking the mean revenge of chalking, "*a rascal,*" against the door of his opponent. The

latter calling afterwards at his house was informed by the servant, that his master was not at home, and who likewise inquired if he should deliver any particular message to him on his return? "Oh! no," replied the gentleman, "I called merely out of compliment, as he left *his name* at my house this morning."



In the Limeric paper, an Irish gentleman, whose lady had absconded from him, cautions the public against trusting her in these words: "My *wife* has eloped from me, without *rhyme or reason*, and I desire no one will trust her on my account, for I am not *married* to her."



The famous Sir George Rooke, when he was a Captain of Marines, was quartered at a village where he buried several of his men; at length the parson refused to perform the ceremony of interment any more, unless he was paid for it; Captain Rooke hearing of this, ordered six men of his company to carry the corpse of the soldier, then dead, and lay it upon the parson's hall table. This so embarrassed the priest, that he sent the captain word, "If he would fetch the

man away, he would bury him and all his company for nothing."



Honest Teague, when return'd from a trip to the north,

For to Lapland 'twas said he had been;  
Was question'd, if during his cold win-  
t'ry birth,

Whether any rein deer he had seen?

"When," said he, "by my sowle as the truth I regard,

I was station'd there almost a year,  
Sometimes, in the summer, it rain'd very hard,

But I never once saw it *'rain deer!'*"



An Irishman having a looking-glass in his hand, shut his eyes, and placed it before his face; another asking him, Why he did so? *Upon my shoul*, says Teague, *it is to see how I look when I am asleep.*



A handsome young gentleman, having married an extremely ugly lady, who was very rich, was asked by his friends, how he could think of marrying so ordinary a woman? *Look ye*, said he, *I bought her by weight, and paid nothing for fashion.*

The following curious item appeared in a bill delivered into the hands of the treasurer of a soup society, by a Caledonian bricklayer—

The Gentlemen of Great Marlow, Dr.  
 For HANGING A COOPER to } 15s. 6d.  
 make soup for the poor people }

...@...

A certain bruising parson, of the name of Day, being examined at the Old Bailey on some point, the council according to the laudable custom of the court, attempted to browbeat him; "I think you are the bruising parson," said he. "I am," answered the reverend divine, "and if you doubt it and will come out of court, I will give it you under my hand."

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As a lame country-schoolmaster was hobbling one morning upon his two sticks, to his *noisy mansion*, he was met by a certain nobleman, who wished to know his name, and the means by which he procured a livelihood. "My name," answered he, "is R—— T——, and I am *master* of this *parish*." This answer further increased his lordship's curiosity, and he desired to know in what sense he was *master* of the parish? "I am," an-

answered he, "the *master* of the *children* of the parish; the children are masters of the *mothers*; the mothers are the rulers of the *fathers*; and, consequently, I am the *master* of the *whole parish*."—His Lordship was pleased with this logical reply, and gave the schoolmaster half-a-guinea to buy a book.



One day, behind my lady's back,

My lord attack'd her maid.

And stole a kiss, which she repaid;

And gave him smack for smack.

Pert with such freedoms, "Pray (said she)

"Who kisses with the greatest glee?

"Is it my lady? is it I?"—

"'Tis you, no doubt," he made reply.

"Why, in good faith, it must be true,"

Resum'd the wanton dame;

"For Tom, and John, and chaplain too,

"All say the very same!"



In the rebellion, a villain stole into the King's Mews, where the light-horse were stationed, and cut off the tails of all the horses in the regiment. When it was discovered, the captain, greatly vexed, cried out, among other ejaculations, "What must we do?" "Do!" said a

wag near him, "sell them by wholesale." "Why so," said the captain. "Because," replied he, "it is plain to see we cannot *re-tail* them."



A gentleman and his friend, passing along Newgate-street one day, were stopped by a crowd. On enquiring into the cause, were informed, one *Vowel* was to be hanged; when one of the gentlemen observed to the other, he wondered *what Vowel* it was, and receiving for answer, "neither *U* nor *I* you may swear, so let us pass on."



A man boasting one day of the quickness of his sight, by way of confirming his remark, said, "I see at this moment a mouse on the top balustrade of the monument."—"I cannot say I see it," said a friend, "but I plainly hear it run."



About ten years ago the Duke of Queensbury made a bet of ten thousand guineas, that he would produce a man who could eat more at a meal than any one Sir John Lade could find. The bet being accepted, the time was appointed;

but his Grace not being able to attend the exhibition, he wrote to his agent to know what success, and accordingly received the following note—"My Lord, I have no time to state particulars, but merely to acquaint your Grace, that your man beat his antagonist by a *pig and an apple-pye*."



A young lady in a circulating library.—  
 "Pray, my dear Mr. Page," cried a pretty lisper, looking over a catalogue, "will you let me have that dear *Man of Feeling* I have so long waited for: Well, this will do for one. I'll take 1889, *Cruel Disappointment* for another; *Reuben*, or *Suicide*, higho! No. 4746, I suppose he killed himself for love. *Seduction*, yes, I want that more than any thing. *Unguarded Moments*, ah! we all have our unguarded moments. *True Delicacy*, No. 2, that must be a silly thing by the title. *School of Virtue*, heaven knows mamma gives me enough of that: *Test of Filial Duty*, at any rate she puts me to that test pretty often. *Mental Pleasures*, worse and worse! I'll look no longer. Oh! stay a moment—*Mutual Attachment*, *Assignation*, *Frederick*, or

*the Libertine*, just add these, Mr. Page, and I shall not have to come again until the day after to-morrow."

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A very young officer striking an old grenadier of his company for some supposed fault in performing his evolutions, was unable to reach any higher than his leg. The grenadier, upon this infantine assault, gravely took off his cap, and holding it over the officer, by the tip, said, "Sir, if you were not my officer, I would *extinguish* you."

—•••••

The Marquis of Bassompierre, who had been confined in the Bastille during twelve years, was one day reading the Bible in his prison. The governor entered it by chance, and said to him—"What are you looking for in that book?" "I am looking," answered the Marquis, "for a *passage* to escape from hence."

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When fashions are worn out in this country, the antiquated articles are sent to Germany, Sweden, and Russia. A vessel laden with such merchandise was run down in the channel of St. Petersburg. Next day a salmon was caught



in the Neva, dressed in a white satin petticoat; two cods were caught with muslin handkerchiefs round their necks, a hadock wore a bosom friend, sharks and porpoises were observed in gowns of the latest taste, and not a fish was to be seen that was not dressed in the freshest London fashions that had ever visited the north.



A conversation arising in a company where an Irishman was, respecting the verdict to be given where the farmer was killed by his bull, Paddy swore, "By Ja—s, it ought to be *Manslaughter!*"



A man having been capitally convicted at the Old Bailey, was, as usual, asked what he had to say why judgment of death should not be passed against him. "Say!" replied he, "why, I think the joke has been carried far enough already, and the least that is said about it the better—If you please, sir, we'll *drop the subject.*"



Lord St. John being some time ago in want of a servant, an Irishman offered his service; but being asked what coun-

tryman he was, he answered, "an Englishman." "Where was you born?" said his lordship. "In Ireland, and please your lordship," said the man. "How then can you be an Englishman?" said his lordship. "My lord," replied the man, "supposing I was born in a *stable*, that is no reason I should be called a *horse*."



A military officer, of diminutive stature, was lately drilling an Irishman considerably above six feet high.—"Hold up your head," said the officer, elevating the chin of the Irishman with the head of his cane, to an angle of nearly forty-five degrees. "Hold up your head so, and throw your eye somewhat to the right, thus." "And must I always do so, noble captain?" asked the recruit, with much apparent simplicity. "Yes, always," answered the officer. "Then fare you well, my dear little fellow," rejoined Paddy, "I shall never see *you more*."



Twenty-two clergymen of the Isle of Man, having met on a political convocation, the subject to be discussed proved so dry that forty-four bottles of claret

were drank in discussing it: Parson Jack amused himself in arranging the empty bottles round the room where the meeting was held. Some pickthank told the effects of this meeting to Bishop Hildesley, who, being a very abstemious man, at the next convocation expatiated much on this horrid excess, as he called it. During his harangue, the eyes of the whole company were turned on Parson Jack, as the subject of the Bishop's admonition, as he only mentioned things in general. Jack seeing their mistake, loudly exclaimed, "You are mistaken, gentlemen, his Lordship does not mean me, he speaks only of *two bottles*, and he very well knows I am a six-bottle man."



Fawcett, the player, having called for tobacco-pipes at a tavern, the waiter brought some, and in laying them down, broke most of them. Fawcett swore a great oath that they were made of the same metal with the Commandments.— "Why so?" says Suet. "*Because they are so soon broken.*"



An Irishman being in a storm at sea, ran to the captain and desired he would

let him lock up his goods in some place of safety: the captain, seeing him a poor fellow, asked him what goods he had?—"Arrah, honey! (says Teague,) I have got a knife, tobacco-box, and a pair of gold-coloured buckles: and pray lock 'em up fast, that if we should be cast away, I may know where to find them."

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A noted sharper seeing a country gentleman sit alone at an inn, and thinking something might be made of him, sat near him, and took the liberty to drink to him: thus having introduced himself, he called for a paper of tobacco, and said—"Sir, do you *smoke*?"—"Yes, (says the gentleman, very gravely,) *any one that has a design upon me.*"

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Mr. Monings, master of the king's school, Canterbury, being at a place where a gentleman expressed great apprehensions on account of a bleeding he was next morning to undergo, by advice of his physician; a punster then present told him, he would recommend him to employ that gentleman (pointing to Mr. Monings), who was a very safe and able *stay-botomist*.

Rigaud was painting a fine woman : when he came to her mouth, he perceived that she endeavoured to make it appear smaller by contracting it with some violence. “ Madam, (said the painter,) you need not take so much trouble in contracting your mouth, for if it is your pleasure, the picture shall have *no mouth at all.*”



When the Earl of Harrington was on his death-bed, many of his mistresses called to see him ; some were denied and others admitted.—Among the rest, one being extremely solicitous for admittance, she was told as a reason for the denial, that his Lordship had just received the Sacrament ; to which she answered, supposing it some kind of physic, that she would wait patiently till it had worked off.



Mr. Wilkes going to the King's-head chop-house in Paternoster-row, with a friend, in order to observe the humours of the place, accidentally seated himself near a rich and purse-proud citizen, who almost stunned him with roaring for his *steak*, as he called it : Mr. Wilkes in the

mean time asking him some common question, received a very brutal answer; the steak coming at that instant, Mr. Wilkes turned to his friend, saying, "See the difference between the city and the bear-garden, in the latter the bear is brought to the stake, but here the steak is brought to the bear."



The same gentleman, during the prosecution carried on against him by administration, being in France, and at court, Madam Pompadour addressed him thus: "You Englishmen are fine fellows: pray how far may a man go in his abuse of the royal family among you?" "I do not at present know," replied he, drily, "but I am trying."



The wife of a farmer on my estate near Richmond was taken in labour: the farmer wished for a son, and waited in the next room for the intelligence: it proved a boy, and the man jumped from his chair, and clapped his hands with ecstasy. A few minutes after the maid servant came in, and said her mistress was delivered of another child, a fine girl. "A girl!" said the farmer, with asto-

nishment, "well, well, we must endeavour to give it a bit of bread." A short while after the girl appeared again, and told him her mistress was delivered of a lovely boy! "What, another child!" said the farmer, almost frantic; "d—n it, Nanny, is your mistress pigging?"



A certain preacher held forth at St. Mary, without giving his auditory any satisfaction. Sauteuil, who was present, said, - "He did better last year." A bye-stander asserted, he must be mistaken; for the present pulpit-thumper had not preached last year. "That is the very reason," said the poet.



Dr. Latimer, one of the reformers, was raised to the bishopric of Worcester in the reign of Henry VII. It was the custom of those times for each of the bishops to make presents to the King of a purse of gold on a New-year's-day. Bishop Latimer went with the rest of his brethren to make the usual offering; but instead of a purse of gold, presented the king with a New Testament, in which was a leaf doubled down to this passage, "Whoremongers and adulterers God

will judge." Such characters as this in the present age would be valuable.



A clown in Berkshire, employed to draw timber from a wood, met with an oak trunk of so large a size, that the tackle he made use of to place it on the carriage broke twice on the trial. Hodge flung his hat on the ground, and scraching his head with much vexation, exclaimed, "Damn the hogs that didn't eat thee when thee was an acorn, and then I shoudn't have had this trouble with thee!"



The most wonderful anecdote, perhaps, in the world of letters, is the following:—Milton received not above ten pounds, at two different payments, for the copy of *Paradise Lost*; yet Mr. Hoyle, author of the *Treatise on the Game of Whist*, after having disposed of all the first impression, sold the copy to the bookseller for two hundred guineas!



An Irishman at an assize in Corke was arraigned for felony, before Judge Monteny. He was asked who he would be tried by?—"By no one, by J—s!" says



he. The jailor desired him to say by God and his country.—“G-d d—m my own s— if I do!” says Paddy; “for I don’t like it at all at all, my dear!” “What’s that you say, honest man?” says the judge.—“See there now,” says the criminal, “his lordship, long life to him, calls me an honest man, and why should I plead guilty?” “What do you say?” says the judge in an authoritative voice. “I say, my lord, I won’t be tried by God at all at all, for he knows all about the matter, but I will be tried by your lordship and my country.”



Miss S——, one of the famous Miss H—’s filles-de-joy, in dancing at a masquerade at Carlisle-house, happened to trip, and fell flat on her back. Foote, who was in a domino, and near her, stooping to pick her up, said, “Never mind it, my pretty dear—practice makes perfect.”



Dr. Thompson was a peculiar sloven, and, in the practice of a physician, an utter and declared enemy to muffins, which he always forbade his patients. Being one day upon a visit to Lord Melcombe,

at Hammersmith, with Mr. Garrick, Mr. P. Whitehead, &c. the company were assembled at breakfast long before the doctor appeared: just as he entered the room, in an uncouth habit, Lord Melcombe uncovered a plate of muffins, which Thompson fixing his eyes upon, with some indignation, said, "My Lord, did not I beseech your Lordship before, never to suffer a muffin in your house?" To which his Lordship archly replied, "Doctor, I've an utter aversion to muffins and ragga-muffins." The pleasantry of the turn, at the doctor's expence, set the table in a roar.



A certain new-created lord, standing at a well-known bookseller's shop, at the west end of the town, a dissipated young nobleman drove by in a remarkably high phæton, and six as remarkable horses. Struck with the *tout ensemble* of such a groupe, his Lordship asked, "What strange figure that was?"—"Oh, my Lord," says Type, in the true family pronunciation, "that is the celebrated Lord ———, who hath long figured away in the walks of fashion and extravagance."—"Ah," replied the peer,

"we have got strange kind of lords now-a-days."—"Indeed, my Lord," replied Type, without ever meaning to be pointed, "you may say that."



Edmund Burke, and the Hon. Charles Fox, supping one evening at the Thatched House, were served with dishes more elegant than useful.—Charles's appetite happened to be rather keen, he by no means relished the kickshaws before him, and addressing the orator, "By G—d, Burke," said he, "these dishes are admirably calculated for your palate; they are both *sublime* and *beautiful*!"



When Mr. Love first appeared on Drury-lane theatre, in the character of Falstaff, being a man of some genius, he used to puff constantly in the newspapers, upon his excellency in the part; all which, however, availed but little, as he could never bring a full house. One Bignell, sitting, with a few of the players at the Black Lion, had filled a pipe, the funnel of which was stopt, and after several attempts to light it, he threw it down in a passion, saying, "By G—d, gentlemen, I'm like your new Falstaff; I have been puffing,

and puffing, this long while past, but all to no purpose; for I'll be damn'd if I can draw!"

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A French gentleman asked the celebrated Mr. Sterne, when in Paris, if he had found in France no original characters that he could make use of in his *Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*: "No," replied he, "the French resemble old pieces of coin, whose impression is worn out by rubbing."

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Milton was asked by a friend, whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages? to which he replied, "No, sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

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In the war in Flanders; when the Earl of Stair was commander in chief, after a severe battle, which lasted from morning till evening, and terminated in favour of the British troops, a veteran soldier, excessively fatigued, was resting on his arms, and looking very gravely; Lord Stair coming by, asked him why he looked so dull?—"Dull! your honour, I am not dull; I am only thinking what a

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f I damned hard day's work I have done for  
a groat!"



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The late General Carpenter, at a re-  
view on Blackheath, rode a charger that  
seemed crippled; on which I acquainted  
him with the circumstance. "Sir," said  
he, "I have tried every way to cure him,  
and have been disappointed in all."—  
"Indeed!" said I, "then the only thing  
I can recommend, General, is to send  
him to the College of Physicians in War-  
wick-lane."



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One day, when in preaching, a text-spin-  
ning spark,  
The whole length of his body reach'd  
over the clerk,  
And stretching his neck like a game cock  
in fighting  
Inveigh'd against chousing, and cheat-  
ing, and biting,  
Moses turn'd up his head, and said, "Sir,  
while you're preaching,  
Amongst all other crimes you forget  
*over-reaching.*"



A clever young fellow being at dinner  
at a friend's house, and observing one of

the company slyly pocket a table spoon, let it pass till he prepared to take his leave; and then marching up to the side-board, took one and put it through his button-hole. Upon being asked his motive for so curious a manœuvre, he replied, "I saw my neighbour here at dinner put a spoon in his pocket; and, supposing it was a customary thing at this house, I preferred taking mine away in my button-hole."

It should have been mentioned first, that the same gentleman, during dinner, having observed that the top dish of fish was not quite so fresh as might have been wished, took one, and put it to his mouth, and then to his ear. The lady of the house having asked him the reason, he answered, "I had a brother who was shipwrecked the day before yesterday, so was asking if the fish could give any information concerning his body; to which it replied, it knew nothing of the transaction, not having been at sea these *three weeks*."

Lord Mansfield being willing to save a man that had stole a watch, desired the jury to value it at *ten-pence*; upon which

the prosecutor cries out, "*Ten-pence*, my Lord! why the very *fashion* of it cost me *five pounds*." "Oh," says his Lordship, "we must not hang a man for *fashion's sake*."



A highwayman and a chimney-sweeper were condemned to be hanged the same day at Tyburn, the first for an exploit on the highway, the latter for a more ignoble robbery. The highwayman was dressed in scarlet, and mounted the cart with alacrity; the chimney-sweeper followed him slowly. While the clergyman was praying with fervour, the gay robber was attentive; and the other approached near to his fellow-sufferer to partake of the same benefit, but met with a repulsive look from his companion, which kept him at some distance. But forgetting this angry warning, he presumed still to come nearer; when the highwayman, with some disdain, said, "Keep farther off, can't you?"—"Sir," replied sweep, "I *won't* keep off; and let me tell you, I have as much *right* to be *here* as you."



Claude Sanguin, a French poet, who died at the close of the last century, hav-

ing had his house consumed by lightning, sent the following ingenious card to Lewis XIV. on the occasion. The monarch at once felt the delicacy of the poet's verses, and the distress of his situation, and cheerfully ordered him the one *thousand* crowns, which were the object of his demand.

To engage in your matters belong not to me,

This, *Sire*, inexcusable freedom would be;  
But yet, when reviewing my miseries past,  
Of your majesty's income the total I  
cast,

All counted (I've still the remembrance  
quite clear)

Your revenue's *one hundred millions a  
year*;

Hence *one hundred thousand per day* in  
your pow'r,

Divided, brings *four thousand crowns to  
each hour*;

To answer the calls of my present distress,

Which lightning has caus'd in my country recess,

May I be allow'd to request, noble *Sire*,  
Of *your time fifteen minutes*, before I expire.



A pawnbroker being upon his death-bed, the priest who attended him, held up a silver crucifix. The poor dying man, *forgetful of his Jesus*, fixing his eyes upon it, cried out in a faint tone, "I cannot lend much upon it."



An Irish peasant was taken before a magistrate on a charge of having stolen a sheep, the property of Sir Garrat Fitzmaurice. The justice asked him, if he could read; to which he answered, "A little." "You could not be ignorant, then," said Mr. Quorum, "that the sheep found in your possession belonged to Sir Garrat, as his brand (G. F. M.) was on it." "True," replied the prisoner, "but I thought the three letters stood for Good Fat Mutton."



A master of a ship calls out, "Who is there?" A boy answered, "Will, sir."—"What are you doing?"—"Nothing, sir."—"Is Tom there?"—"Yes," says Tom. "What are you doing, Tom?"—"Helping Will, sir."



A Welchman had sentence of death passed upon him for having two wives,

but he stormed and swore, "Uds split hur nails, hur see no reason they had to hang hur for having two wives, when the priest told her, before a great people, hur might have sixteen: four better, four worse, four richer, four poorer. (Instead of for better, &c.

...@...

A parson, thinking to banter an honest quaker, asked him, where his religion was before George Fox's time? "Where thine was," says the quaker, "before Harry Tudor's time." "Now, thou hast been free with me," added the quaker, "pr'ythe let me ask thee a question.—Where was Jacob going when he was turned of ten years of age? canst thou tell that?" "No," said the parson, "nor you neither, I believe." "Yes I can," replied the quaker, "he was going into his eleventh year—was he not?"

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The son of a country squire was in love with a daughter of a cow-herd; and promised her marriage, if she would permit him to use a husband's privilege beforehand. She consented. Soon after, the squire forced his son to marry a rich heiress. At the celebration of the wed-

ding, the cow-herd's daughter intervening, was not appeased but by payment of a round sum. At night the bride asked her husband, "What occasioned the tumult?" who told her the story. "What a foolish girl!" said the bride, "to tell it to the world. My mother's man lay with me when he pleased, for these two years, and I never told it; nor should to you, dearest, but that my mother says there should be no secrets between man and wife."



A schoolmaster in a country village, who, formerly, acted as a barber to the village, being in dispute with the *parish clerk*, on a point of grammar—"It is downright *barbarism*," said the clerk; "*Barbarism!*" replied the pedagogue.—"Do you mean to insult me? a *barber* speaks as good English as a *parish clerk* any day."



Earl of Shaftsbury.—A bon mot of this earl himself, was his truest character. Charles the Second said to him, one day, "Shaftsbury, I believe thou art the wickedest fellow in my dominions." He bowed and replied—"Of a *subject*, sir, I believe I am."

George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, gave the following instance of astonishing quickness; being present at the first representation of one of Dryden's pieces of heroic nonsense, where a lover says,  
*The wound is great, because it is so small!*  
 The Duke cried out,  
*Then 'twould be greater were it none at all!*



One Sunday, at St. Bride's church, while the sacrament was administering to a number of the parishioners, a sailor, just arrived from the Nile, happened to stand by to see the ceremony; the cup going round, Jack laid hold of it, when looking into it, and not liking wine, he handed it to the clergyman, modestly saying, "Please your reverence, I prefer *punch*."



While Foote was paying a Christmas visit in the country, the weather was extremely cold, and they kept very bad fires, owing to the great scarcity of wood in the house, which determined him to make his stay as short as possible. Accordingly, on the third morning, he appeared with his boots ready to decamp, when his friend asked him what hurry he

was in. "Oh!" replied Foote, "if I stay here much longer, I sha'n't have a leg to stand on."—"Why," returned the former, "we don't drink so hard."—"No," cried the wit; "but there is so little wood in your house, that I am afraid, some of these mornings, the servants will light the fire with my right leg."



A Cardinal, high in the confidence of pope Alexander the Sixth, told him one day, that it would be expedient to banish the physicians out of Rome, for they were entirely useless. "No," says the pope, "they are quite the reverse; for without them the world would increase so fast, that *one could not live by another.*"



A gentleman having ordered his servant (an Irishman) to call him in the morning exactly at *six* o'clock, the man awaked him at *four*; being asked the reason, he replied, "Only to tell your honour, that you have *two hours* more to sleep."



It will probably be recollected, that on the apprehension of Mr. O'Connor and others, on a charge of high treason, there

were found in their possession some small boxes, the keys of which they refused to give up. On their being brought to Bow-street for examination, it was sagaciously recommended by a gentleman present to have the boxes *broke open*, as he shrewdly suspected the *keys* were hid *inside*!



On the Duke of York's return to England, after the unavoidable retreat from Dunkirk, he was accosted in the street by an elderly woman, whose son was a private soldier in a regiment serving on the Continent. She returned his Highness a thousand thanks. Being asked for what?—"Oh, God bless your Highness," said she, "if you had not *ran away* from *Dunkirk*, my son would certainly have been killed that day."



At the consecration of the colours of the Manchester volunteers, their chaplain chose for his text the following emphatical words: "He that hath *no sword*, let him sell his *garment*, and buy one." A few days afterwards, a man stuck up in his window the following label: "*Old swords* for *old garments* to be had here."

A fellow, not long since, having been detected with his hand in a gentleman's pocket, in the Irish House of Lords, the Chancellor humorously addressed him—  
 “My friend, the mode of *raising the supplies* belongs exclusively to the *other House*.”



A soldier, who came over with General Moore, was asked if he met with much *hospitality* in Holland?—“Oh, yes, d—n me,” replied he, “too much of it; I have been in the *hospital* almost all the time I was there.”



A gentleman walking across the Foundling Fields, dropped his spectacles from his pocket, and shortly after missing them, returned. He met an Irish labourer, and asked him if he had found a pair of spectacles?—The man answered in the affirmative, but required the gentleman to describe those he had lost. “Why, my friend,” said the owner, “if they are mine, one of the joints is rather *shorter* than the other.”—The man pulled the spectacles out, and looking at them, says, “Arrah, by my soul, then, those are not your’s; for one of the joints is

*longer* than the other." It was with some difficulty the man could be induced to restore them.



A gentleman seeing the town crier of Bristol stand silent in the market-place, asked him why he did not cry?—"O, sir," replied he, "I cannot *cry* to-day—my wife is dead."



A young lady, on hearing that a *thousand* coins had been found near the Brighton race-course, innocently exclaimed, "I dare say they are my brother's; for I know he *lost a thousand* the last time he was at the races!"



Two gentlemen being in a wherry, one of them, who was very passionate, was affronted by the waterman, and exclaimed, "D—n you, sir, I'll knock your head and the *wall* together."



One Sunday last summer, while the weather was extremely hot, the windows of a certain parish church in the diocese of Gloucester were set open, during divine service. Just as the clergyman (who is not much celebrated for his oratorical



powers) had began his weekly discourse, a Jack-ass, which had been grazing in the church-yard, popped his head in at a window, and began braying with all his might, as if in opposition to the reverend preacher. On this, a wag immediately stood up, and, with great gravity of countenance, exclaimed, "One at a time, gentlemen, if you please!" The whole congregation set up a loud laugh; when the ass took fright, and gave up the contest.



A colonel of a regiment of cavalry, was lately complaining that, from the ignorance and inattention of his officers, he was obliged to do the whole duty of the regiment. "I am," said he "my own captain, my own lieutenant, my own cornet."—"And your own *trumpeter*, I presume," said a lady present.



A gentleman having given orders to his taylor for a spencer, asked him how much it would cost. "I cannot exactly say," replied he, "but you may depend on it, sir, that it will come very *low*." "Then," said the wit, "it will not be a *spencer*."

In a great storm at sea, when the ship's crew were all at prayers, a fellow burst into a violent fit of laughter; being reproved for his ill-timed mirth, and asked the reason of it, "Why," said he, "I was laughing to think what a hissing the boatswain's *red nose* will make when it comes into the water."



Garrick and Foote being in company together, the former taking a light guinea out of his pocket, observed that somebody had imposed upon him, by passing a piece considerably under weight, and he was so much enraged, that he swore he had a mind to *throw it to hell*. "That confirms," said Foote, "what I have always said and believed, that you know how to make a guinea go as far as any man."



A negro, in the island of St. Kitt's, had so cruel a master, that he dreaded the very sight of him. At length the planter died, and left his son heir to his estates. Some time after his death, a gentleman meeting the negro, asked him how his new master behaved. "I suppose," says he, "he's a chip of the old block." "No, no," says the negro, "massa be *all block* himself."

A man who had but *one eye*, met early in the morning a person who had a *crooked back*; "My friend," said he, "you are *loaded* betimes."—"True," replied the other, "it must be early, indeed; for I see you have got but *one* of your *windows* open."



An Irish officer had the misfortune to be severely wounded in one of the late battles in Holland.—As he lay on the ground, a soldier, who was near him, and also wounded, made a terrible howling, when the officer exclaimed, "D—n you, sir, what do you make such a noise for? Do you think there is nobody *killed* but yourself?"



During the retreat of the British troops under the Duke of York, in Holland, while they were flouncing through the mud, in a part of the road uncommonly bad, a corps of the guards were much scattered; when the commanding officer called out to the men to form *two deep*. "D—me!" shouts a grenadier, from between two mountains of mud, "I'm *too deep* already—I'm *up to the neck*."

A woman, in Lancashire, being lately told that *candles* had been raised in price on account of the war, exclaimed, "Dang it! are they taken to *feighten* by candle-light!"



An Irish gentleman, inveighing against the income-tax, observed, that he was now obliged to pay *one-tenth* of his income; and he supposed, if the war continued, he should be called upon for the *twentieth* part.



Mr. *Hare*, formerly the Envoy to Poland, had apartments in the same house with Mr. *Fox*; and, like his friend Charles, had frequent dealings with the monied Israelites. One morning, as he was looking out of his window, he observed several of the tribe assembled at the door, for admittance.—"Pray, gentlemen," says he, "are you *Fox-hunting*, or *Hare-hunting* this morning?"



A Welsh vicar being to read the curses (as the custom is) on Ash Wednesday, when the people say *Amen*; turning over the leaf, and finding them to be many, said, "Dearly beloved brethren, I am

to read here a great many curses to you ; but, because I am loth to trouble myself, and tire your patience, I will end them all in one—The curse of God light upon you all! Amen.”——“*Amen!*” repeated the congregation.



An apothecary at Newcastle-upon-Tyne having a patient lying at death's door, sent him a bottle of medicine, and wrote on the label, “*When taken, to be well shaken.*” Next day, he repaired to his patient's house, and enquired of the servant who opened the door how his master was? The servant shook his head. “What! is he worse?” said the apothecary. “Did he take the draught?”—John answered in the affirmative. “Well, what then, John?” “Why, then, sir, we *shook* him once.”——“*Shook him!* What! shake a patient! why, a *shake* won't do, friend.”——“No, sir, so we thought, and therefore *shook* him *twice.*”——“Why, d—n it, man! that would make him worse.”——“So it did, sir,” said John, “and we tried a *third.*” “A third! Zouns! and what then?” “Why, then, sir, my master *died!*”

A barrister, not overburdened with abilities, had pleaded, in the Court of Chancery, the case of some orphans. As the Lord Chancellor was going out, the Counsel entered into some conversation with him, and said he hoped he had been successful in exciting his Lordship's compassion.—“ You have, indeed,” said the Chancellor, “ I *pity you very much.*”

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When Mr. C. (better known by the name of *Peter Porcupine*) kept a stationer's shop in America, a gentleman came in to buy some quills; and thinking to pass a joke on Peter, asked him if they were not *porcupine's* quills?—Upon which Mr. C. taking up the gentleman's money, drily replied, “ O no, sir, they are a *goose's.*”

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An Irishman being asked, which was the eldest, he or his brother? replied, “ Faith, I am the oldest *at present*, but if my brother lives *three years longer*, we shall be *both of an age.*”

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Mr. Foote being in company where a Bishop was at the table, and having spoken rather long on a subject not

agreeable, "When will the comedian leave off *preaching*?" exclaimed his Lordship. "O, sir," said Foote, "the moment I am made a *Bishop*."

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In the House of Assembly of the island of Jamaica, a member having moved for leave to bring in a bill for preventing the frauds of wharfingers, another member stood up, and said, "Mr. Speaker, I second the motion; the wharfingers are, to a man, a set of rogues; *I was one myself for ten years.*"

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A gentleman of an odd humour riding on horseback near Bath, happened to meet another equally singular, in a lane so narrow, that neither could pass unless one gave way, which neither would do. Both made a halt, and not a single word was spoken. At length the first mentioned gentleman deliberately pulled a newspaper out of his pocket, and began reading it to himself with the utmost composure: when the other, determined to shew an equal degree of patience and obstinacy, leisurely took a pinch of snuff, and very gravely accosted him,—"*Sir, when you have done with the paper, I should be*

glad to look at it." Which so pleased the humourist, that he immediately pulled off his spectacles, seized him by the hand, and insisted on his going home to dine with him.



An English gentleman being taken ill of the yellow fever at Jamaica, a lady who had married in that island, indirectly hinted to him, in the presence of an Irish physician that attended him, the propriety of making his will, in a country where people are so apt to die. The physician thinking his judgment called in question, sharply replied, "By Jasus, madam, I wish you would tell me the country where people *do not die*, and I will go and *end* my days there."



Some gentlemen coming out of a tavern pretty merry, a link-boy cried, "Have a light, gentlemen?"—"Light yourself to the devil, you dog!" says one of the company. "Bless you, master," replied the boy, "I can find the way in the dark—shall I light your honour there?"



A country gentleman, going one very sultry day, last summer, into his fields,



where he had a number of people making hay, perceived his footman dozing under an oak. "What is the reason," said he, "that you are lounging in this manner, while others are at work?" The valet replied, that he was fatigued. "Come, come," said the gentleman, "it is nothing but laziness;—d—n you, fellow, you are unworthy that the sun should shine on you."—"I am quite conscious of that, sir," returned the footman, yawning, "and have therefore taken care to lay myself in the *shade*."



A countryman, very much marked with the small-pox, applied to a justice of peace for redress in an affair where one of his neighbours had ill treated him; but not explaining the business so clearly as the justice expected, "Fellow," said he, in a rage, "I don't know whether you were inoculated for the small-pox or not, but I am sure you have been for stupidity." "Why, and please you," replied the man, "perhaps I might, as you say, be *inoculated* for *stupidity*; but there was no occasion to perform that on your worship, for you seem to have *had it* in the *natural way*."

A French gentleman called at a tavern for a gill of wine, which being brought in a glass, he observed, that the quantity was very small, and that in France it was always the custom to bring liquor in a *measure*. "It may be so," said the landlord; "but we don't wish to introduce *French measures* here."

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Mr. Barrymore happening to come late to the theatre, and having to dress for his part, was driven to the last moment, when, to heighten his perplexity, the key of his drawer was missing. "Damn it!" said he, "I must have swallowed it." "Never mind," says Jack Bannister, coolly, "it will serve to open your *chest*."

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Mr. Whitely, (formerly the manager of a company of comedians in Nottinghamshire) having constantly an eye to his *interest*, one evening during the performance of Richard the Third, gave a tolerable proof of that being his leading principle. Representing the crook'd-back tyrant, he exclaimed—"Hence, babbling dreams! you threaten here in vain; Conscience avaunt,—*That man in the brown wig there has got into the pit without paying—Richard's himself again!*"

A prisoner being brought to Bow-street, the following dialogue passed between him and the sitting magistrate :

" Well, friend, how do you *live* ?"—

" Pretty well, sir ; generally a *joint and pudding at dinner* !"—

" I mean, sir, how do you *get your bread* ?"—

" I beg your worship's pardon ; sometimes at the *baker's*, and sometimes as the *chandler's shop*."—

" You may be as witty as you please, sir, but I mean simply to ask you, *how you do* ?"—

" *Tolerably well, I thank your worship ; I hope your worship is well.*"

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A dispute having subsisted in a gentleman's family between the maid and the coachman, about fetching the cream for breakfast ; the gentleman one morning called them both before him, that he might hear what they had to say, and decide accordingly. The maid complained that the coachman was lounging about the kitchen the greater part of the morning, yet he was so ill-natured, that he would not fetch the cream for her, notwithstanding he saw she had so much to do, that she had not a moment to spare. The coachman pleaded, that it was no part of his business.—" Very well," said

the master; "but pray, what do you call your business?"—"To take care of the horses, and clean and drive the coach," replied Jehu. "You say very right," answered the master, "and I do not expect you to do more than I hired you for; but this I insist on, That every morning, before breakfast, you get the coach ready, and drive the maid to the farmer's for cream; and I hope you will allow that to be *part of your business*." John scratched his head, and withdrew.



A gentleman and his servant (an Irishman) travelling, put up at an inn on the road, for a few days. On settling his bill, he observed several bottles of *port* charged to his servant's account; and rather doubting the fairness of the charge, he questioned him as to his having had so much wine. Pat begged his master would read the bill; which the gentleman beginning—"One bottle of port—one ditto—one ditto."—"Stop, stop, master!" exclaimed Pat; "they are *chating* you; I know I had some bottles of *port*, but by Jasus I did not taste a drop of their *ditto*."

A gentleman who was very morose and ill-natured at home in his family, was remarkably facetious and merry abroad, insomuch that he was more than ordinarily entertaining wherever he went; which occasioned a lady once in company where he was, to say to one present, who knew him well. "Surely, if that gentleman is married, his wife must be extremely happy; for he is quite the *fiddle* of the company." "Very true, madam," says the person she spoke to, "but he always *hangs his fiddle up at the door* when he goes home."



When Woodward first played Sir John Brute, Garrick was induced, from curiosity, or perhaps jealousy, to be present. A few days after, when they met, Woodward asked Garrick how he liked him in the part, adding, "I think I struck out some beauties in it."—"I think," said Garrick, "that you *struck out all the beauties in it.*"



A country lad standing up in the church, with others, to be catechised, the parson asked him, "What is your name?" "John," replied the lad. "Who gave

you that name?"—"My godfathers and godmothers, &c."—"Well said."—"And what did your godfathers and godmothers do for you?"—"Why, sir," says John, "they have done nothing for me yet, but they promised to bind me 'prentice, and do something for me when I came out of my time."



An Englishman and a Welshman disputing in whose country was the best living, the Welshman insisted there was such noble house-keeping in Wales, that he had known more than a dozen cooks employed at one wedding-dinner. "Aye," replied the Englishman, "that's likely enough; because every man *toasted his own cheese*."



The late Alderman Burnell was originally a *bricklayer*. Wilkes observing him at a city feast unable to manage his knife in the operation of cutting up a *pudding*, set the table in a roar, by telling him, he had better take the *trowel* to it.



A clergyman was reproving a married couple for their frequent dissentions, which were very unbecoming both in the

eye of God and man, seeing, as he observed, that they were both *one*.—"Both *one*!" cried the husband. "Was your reverence to come by our door sometimes, you would swear we were *twenty*."

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The keeper of a paltry alehouse having on his sign, after his name, the letters M. D. F. R. S. a physician, who was also a Fellow of the Royal Society, asked him how he presumed to affix these letters to his name. "Why, sir," said the publican, "I have as good a right to them as you have"—"What do you mean, you impudent scoundrel?" replied the doctor. "I mean, sir," returned the other, "that I am *Drum-Major of the Royal Scots Fuzileers*."

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Colonel Bond, who had sat as one of the judges on the trial of King Charles the First, died a day or two before Cromwell; who, it was reported, was likewise dead. "No, no," said a gentleman who had better information, "he has only given *Bond* to the devil for his *future appearance*."

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Doctor Johnson sitting in a coffee-room, where a dog was very troublesome,

he ordered the waiter to turn him out; the man not being so alert as he should be, the doctor, with some vehemence, repeated his orders; upon which, a young gentleman sneeringly said, "I perceive, sir, you are not fond of dogs." "No," returned the doctor, with a frown, "*nor of puppies either.*"



A certain earl, more celebrated for his jollity than his religion, notwithstanding his chaplain was at table, introduced a *baboon*, dressed up in the garb of a clergyman, in order to say grace; which conduct was very properly resented by the chaplain, who told his lordship, *That he did not know till then that he had so near a relation in orders.*



A Spanish general having taken a castle from the Moors, commanded the soldiers, who had made a brave defence, to leap from the battlements. Several complied with this dreadful injunction; but one, more fearful than the rest, advanced twice to the verge of the precipice, and as often retreated. The general then ordered him to jump directly, threatening, if he retreated a third time,



to inflict a more severe punishment. "Sir," replied the poor fellow, "since you think this jump such an easy matter for a *private soldier*, I'll give you, who are a *general*, *four times* to do it in." This reply procured him a pardon.



When the mayor of Portsmouth was knighted by his majesty, at the naval review, he stumbled as he was rising from his knees; upon which, with great presence of mind, he apologized to the king, by saying, "Your majesty has *loaded* me with so much honour, that I cannot well *stand* under it."



On a trial at the Admiralty Sessions, for shooting a seaman, the council for the crown asked one of the witnesses, which he was for, plaintiff or defendant? "Plaintiff or defendant!" says the sailor, scratching his head; "why, I don't know what you mean by plaintiff or defendant. I come to speak for that man there," pointing to the prisoner.—"You are a pretty fellow for a witness," says the counsel, "not to know what plaintiff or defendant means!" Some time after, being asked by the same counsel what part of the ship

he was in at the time, "Abaft the binnacle, sir," says the sailor. "Abaft the binnacle!" repeated the barrister; "what part of the ship is that?"—"Ha! ha! ha!" chuckled the sailor; "an't you a pretty fellow for a counsellor," pointing archly at him with his finger, "not to know what abaft the binnacle is!"



A country fellow, who was just come to London, gaping about in every shop he came to, at last looked into a scrivener's, where seeing only one man sitting at a desk, he could not imagine what commodity was sold there; so calling to the clerk, "Pray, sir," said he, "what do you sell here?"—"Loggerheads," answered the other.—"Do you," said the countryman; "egad! then, measter, you have a special trade; *for I see you have but one left.*"



A gentleman sent for his taylor, who was an Irishman, and ordered him to *let out* the last suit of clothes he brought home, as they were too little for him. Some time afterwards, the gentleman wondering that the taylor kept them so long, sent for him; and being asked

about the clothes, said, that he had punctually obeyed the gentleman's commands, and had made a very good bargain; for he had *let* them to a countryman of his at six-pence a week, and he had engaged to wear them at that price for six months *certain*, whether he *lived* or *died*.



A friend of Mr. Fawcett observing he had got a remarkably neat hat on, asked him what it cost? "A guinea," replied the comedian. "Upon my *credit*!" says his friend, who thought it cheap,— "O, no," returned the wit, "I paid for it."



A student of the Middle Temple being just called to the bar, sent for the peruke-maker to measure him for a new tye-wig. The *peruquier*, on applying his apparatus in one direction, was observed to smile. Upon which, the gentleman desiring to know what ludicrous circumstance gave rise to his mirth, the barber replied, that he could not but remark the extreme *length* of his honour's head. "That's so much the better," said the student; "we lawyers have occasion for long heads."

The barber, who had by this time completed the dimensions, now burst out into a fit of laughter; and an explanation being insisted on, at last declared that he could not possibly contain himself, when he discovered that his honour's head was just *as thick as it was long*.

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At the time when Drury-lane theatre was rebuilt, and nearly ready to open, the proprietors happened to be a little behind hand in their payments to some of the workmen. Mr. Sh——n coming to the house one day, to see what progress they made, ordered one of the carpenters to come forward on the stage, and make a speech, that he might observe how it could be heard. The man came to the front, and, scratching his poll, told Mr. S. that he knew not what to say, for he was no *player*. “Oh,” says Mr. S. “no matter for that; speak any thing that comes uppermost.”—“Why, then, Mr. Sh——n,” says the fellow, “here have we been working for your honour these six weeks, and cannot get a penny of money. Pray, sir, when shall we be paid?”—“Very well, very well,” said Mr. S. “pray, get back; I have *heard* you

quite distinctly, but I don't much admire your *subject*."

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The Duke of York, preparing for an expedition, one of his officers begged to know what his intention was. "Can you *keep a secret*?" asked the Duke. "*I can*, your highness," answered the officer.—"*And so can I*," said the Duke.

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A witty sharper, coming into a lace-shop in Fleet-street, said he had occasion for a small quantity of lace; and having pitched upon the sort he liked, asked the woman who served in the shop what money he should give her for as much as would reach from one of his ears to the other, and measure which way she pleased, either over his head, or under his chin. After some words, they agreed; he paid down the money, and began to measure, saying, "*One of my ears* is here, and the *other* is nailed to the *pillory* in Liverpool; therefore I fear you have not enough to make good your *bargain*; however, I will take this piece in part, and desire you will provide the rest with all expedition."

King Charles the First, going to dinner when the chaplain was out of the way, told Archee, his jester, to say grace; which he immediately performed thus:—"All glory be to God on high, and *little Laud* to the devil!" At which all the courtiers smiled, because it reflected on Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was a little man: the king told Archee he would give an account of him to his grace the archbishop; "and what would you do, then?" said the king. "O," said Archee, "I'll hide myself where he shall never find me." "Where's that?" asked the king. "*In his pulpit,*" said Archee; "for *I'm sure he never goes there.*"



As the king, not long since, was hunting in the neighbourhood of Windsor, he called to a country fellow to open a gate for him. The man happening to know his majesty, "No, please your majesty's grace," said he, making a low bow, "I am too mean to do such a thing; but I'll run to the next justice of peace, who lives only about *four* miles off, and he shall come and open it directly." And away the fellow ran.

King James the First gave all manner of liberty and encouragement to the exercise of buffoonery, and took great delight in it himself. Happening once to bear somewhat hard on one of his Scotch courtiers, "By my saul," returns the peer, "he that made your majesty a king, spoiled the best *fool* in Christendom!"



The Emperor Paul, at a review of his *tall* grenadiers, asked Lord Whitworth if he thought an equal number of Englishmen could beat them.—"I will not affirm," said his lordship, with a sneer, "that an *equal* number could beat them; but I believe, from my soul, *half* the number would be willing to try."



Louis XIV. who loved a concise style, met on the road, as he was travelling into the country, a priest who was riding post; and ordering him to stop, asked hastily, "Whence come you?—Where are you going?—What do you want?" The priest, who perfectly well knew the king's disposition instantly replied, "From Bruges—To Paris—A Benefice!" "You shall have it," replied the king; and in

a few days presented him to a valuable living.



A chymist having lately dedicated to his majesty a book, wherein he pretended to teach the art of making gold, expected, no doubt, a noble present; but the king sent him only a large empty purse, with this compliment—"That as the gentleman knew how to *make gold*, he wanted but a *purse* to put it in."



A coxcomb asked a stuttering barber, "Did you ever shave a *monkey*, friend?" "No, sir," said the man; "but if you will s-s-sit down, I'll t-t-try."



Dryden's translation of Virgil being commended by a right reverend bishop, in the presence of a witty nobleman, "The *original* is, indeed, excellent," said his lordship; "but every thing suffers by a *translation*—except a bishop."



An author, after reading a play to one of the managers, was told that it would not do, by any means. "I wish, sir," said the author, "you could advise me what is best to do with it."—"That I



can," said the manager; "*blot out one half, and burn the other.*"

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A lady of quality desired her butler to be very saving of an excellent tap of *small-beer*; and asked him how it could be preserved?—"Why, my lady," replied the footman, "by placing a *good barrel of ale* by it."

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A celebrated gambler being detected, some years ago, at Bath, secreting a card, the company threw him out of a one-pair of stairs window. Meeting an acquaintance next day, he complained of this usage, and asked him what he should do?—"Do!" said his friend; "why, it is a plain case—never play so *high* again as long as you live."

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A gentleman, named *Ball*, being about to purchase a cornetcy in a regiment of horse, was presented to the colonel for approbation; who said he did not like the name, and would have no *Balls* in his regiment.—"No, nor *powder* neither," said the gentleman, "if you could help it."

A middle aged gentleman paid his addresses to a *very young* lady, but when he asked her in marriage, was refused. Having acquainted a neighbouring clergyman of his disappointment, he received the following laconic, scriptural answer: "You ask and you receive not, because you ask *a miss*."



A person who was lately visiting the museum of Mr. Geo. Wallis, the celebrated gunsmith, at Hull, happened to take hold of a very curious fowling-piece, and fixed his *attention* so particularly upon it, that Mr. W. not much liking the appearance of the man, civilly requested him to replace the gun where he found it; the man replied, the gun was not charged, and therefore there was no danger of it *going off*. "True," replied Mr. W. "but I had a fowling-piece of the same kind stolen the other day, so you see it may *go off* though it is not charged."



During the institution of a society in Liverpool, for the purpose of literary improvement, a gentleman of *strong* body, but of slender wit, applied to be admitted

a member: "I think," said he, to the president, "I must certainly be a vast acquisition to a society of this kind, as I am undoubtedly a *great* man, in the *literal* sense of the word?" "True," replied the other; "but I am afraid you are but a *little* man in the *literary* sense of the word."



A young gentleman at the University of Cambridge, who was known to have a *very pretty talent* for making verses, having one day found the "*furor scribendi*" particularly urgent, retired into his own apartment to indulge himself in his favourite occupation. The weather was uncommonly sultry, and as the warmth of his imagination corresponded with the fervour without, his poetry could not fail to be uncommonly *glowing*. He accordingly began as follows:

The Sun's perpendicular heat,

Illumines the depth of the sea.

He had proceeded thus far when Phœbus, whose beams are sometimes found to inspire sleep as well as genius, exerted the former power upon him with such effect, that in a few minutes he sunk back motionless in his chair. A fellow collegian

coming into the room while the poet was in this situation, and seeing from the paper which was lying before him, the nature of his employment, he immediately added two other lines to the above, in order to complete the verse. The *man of genius*, awaking soon after to his utter astonishment and confusion read as follows :

The sun's perpendicular heat,  
 Illumines the depth of the sea :  
 " *And fishes beginning to sweat,*  
 " *Cry d—n it how hot we shall be.*"

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*Anecdote.*—The late Mr. Francis Care, of Dublin, remarkable for his attachment to the fair sex, and *not* remarkable for the strength of his understanding, having entered into a connection with the noted Fanny N——, hired her a very smart equipage and suitable establishment. One day they were taking an airing on the Parade, and Fanny who in every respect had taken *the reins in her own hands*, was driving along at a furious rate, when they were met by Mr. H. the banker.—“ Bless me, Fanny,” said he, “ what are you about ? ”—“ Only,” replied she, “ following the maxim of the old song—*driving dull CARE away.*”

An advertisement in an Irish paper, lately setting forth the many conveniences and advantages to be derived from *metal window sashes*, among other particulars, observed that "these sashes would last for ever, and afterwards, if the owner had no use for them, they might be sold for old iron."



*Irish simplicity.*—A young woman of Dublin, who was apprehensive of some unhappy effects from an illicit amour which she had for some time carried on with a Dutch sailor, mentioned her situation to a friend of hers, who advised her to place her future offspring to the account of her master, as being the richer man of the two. "I was thinking of that," replied the fair one; "but then you know the child will discover all when it begins to *speak Dutch*."



An Irishman at Liverpool, who had entered as a volunteer, was also ballotted for the supplementary militia. "Indeed," says Pat, "but I must have a *double-barrelled gun*, with *two touch holes*, to serve both!"

A man who went under an examination before one of the London magistrates, being guilty of some petty crime, was told, that if he chose to serve the king, his punishment should be dispensed with, asked the magistrate—"In what way!" "Why, pray," replied his worship, "what countryman are you?"—"Irish, an' please your honour."—"Have you ever been at sea?"—"Have I ever been at sea! why, does your worship's worship think I was trundled over from my own country in a wheelbarrow."

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*Bon Mot.*—A quarter-master in a regiment of light horse (lately quartered in a neighbouring county) who was about six feet high, and very corpulent, was joking with an Irishman concerning the natural proneness of his countrymen to make bulls in conversation.—"By my soul," said the Irishman, "Ireland never made such a bull in all her life-time, as England did when she made a *light* horseman of you."

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When Dr. Swift was dean of St. Patrick's, he was informed that the beadle of the cathedral was a poet. The doctor

sent for him and asked him some questions relating to his poetical talents, which he modestly disclaimed, asserting that he wrote only for his bell. It being winter, the dean insisted that he should compose some verses on the 5th of November, and repeat them under his window; which he accordingly did, and the dean was so pleased, that he rewarded the composer with a guinea, declaring at the same time that he was a better poet than Ambrose Philips; the following were the lines:

To night's the day, I speak it with great  
sorrow.

That we were all t' have been blown up  
to-morrow,

Therefore take care of fires and candle  
light,

'Tis a cold frosty morning, and so good  
night.



The following is literally copied from an Irish paper.—“To Hercules Langrish, esq.—Sir, you said, in the House of Commons, that in support of the present war, a man should part with his *last* guinea to secure the *rest*. I have followed your advice. I have parted with my *last* gui-

nea, and I find I can't get a single potatoe for the *rest*. Your advice, sir, will oblige your humble servant,

1795

"THADY C'DOWD."

...@...

On the banks of a rivulet in the north of Ireland, is a stone with the following curious inscription, which was no doubt intended for the *information* of strangers travelling that road :—"Take notice that when this stone is *out of sight*, it is not safe to ford the river!" This is something similar to the famous finger-post which was erected by order of the surveyors of the roads, some years ago in Kent: "This is a bridle-path to Feversham; *if you can't read this*, you had better keep the main road."

...@...

An Irish gentleman on hearing of the additional duty about to be laid on pleasure horses, exclaimed, "By J—s, then, I will sell my poney immediately, and the next *horse* I buy shall be a *mule*."

...@...

The printer of a paper in Ireland was threatened with a prosecution, for inserting the *death* of a person who proved to be *alive*.—The menace was accompanied



with this *shrewd* observation from the attorney : " No printer should publish a *death*, unless he has it expressly communicated *by the party*."



A gentleman was threatening to beat a dog who barked intolerably. " Why," exclaimed an Irishman who was present, " would you beat the poor *dumb* animal for making a *noise*."



In the Londonderry paper, is the following advertisement :—Wanted for the Yeomanry Cavalry, thirty stout and *perfectly sound geldings*.

N. B. They must not be *mares* nor *lame*.



An Irish doctor advertises in one of the Dublin papers, the infallible cure of deafness and blindness. The *deaf*, he says, may *bear* of him at a house in Liffey-street, where his *blind* patients may *see* him from ten in the morning to three in the afternoon.



When the late Dr. Whitfield arrived in America, observing, during his voyage, the dissolute manners of the crew, he invited them to one of his pious declama-

tions, and took occasion to reprehend them for their infamous manner of living. "You will certainly," says he, "go to hell.—God will never save your wicked souls.—Perhaps you may think I will be an advocate for you; but, believe me, I will tell of all your wicked actions."—Upon which one of the sailors, turning to his brother mess-mate, observed, that "the greatest rogue always turned king's evidence."



A fat parson, who had long dosed over sermons in his pulpit, and strong beer in his parlour, happened one Sunday, after a plentiful crop of tithes, to exert himself mightily. His text was, the patience of Job. Deeply impressed with his own discourse, he, for the first time, acknowledged to his spouse at supper, that he was somewhat choleric, but that hereafter he was resolved to practise himself what he had preached to others. "But now, my jewel," says he, "let us refresh ourselves with a sip of the best. Remember the favourite barrel, may not this be a proper time to give it vent?" The obedient wife, ravished with his good humour, flew to the cellar. But, alas, the

barrel was staved, and quite empty. What should she do? There was no hiding. "My dear," said she, with despair in her eyes, "what a sad accident has happened!" "I am sorry," replied the parson, gravely, "if any one has met with a misfortune; for my part, if it relate to me, I am resolved to bear it with christian patience.—But where is the beer all this while?" "Alack-a-day, that is the very thing. How it has happened, I cannot understand, but it is all swimming on the ground." What do pious resolutions avail, when the hour of temptation comes? The parson fell into a violent passion, raved, exclaimed. "My life," says she, "do but reflect upon your sermon; think of the patience of Job." "Job," said he, "don't talk to me of Job's patience; Job never had a barrel of such beer."

—•••—

An Irishman, on board a man of war, was desired by his messmate to go down and fetch a can of small beer: Teague, knowing that preparations were making to sail, absolutely refused. "Arrah, by my shoul," says he, "and so when I am gone into the cellar to fetch beer, the ship will sail away and leave me behind."

The ladies of Paris are at least as much attached to thin clothing as those of London. A lady of distinction there having become very conspicuous for the thinness of her attire, one day, when she had a good deal of company, a packet was brought directed for her, and entitled, "*Dress for madame —.*" It was brought up, and thinking it was an elegant dress she had ordered from her milliner, the lady resolved to treat her friends with a sight of this new invention of her fancy. It was opened, and there appeared a *wine-leaf*.



When one of Lord Monboddo's friends proposed to solicit for him the office of a judge in the Scotch Criminal Court, his lordship said, "*No; I have more pleasure in looking after my little farm, in the vacation of the Court of Session, than I should have to run about the country hanging people.*"



A little girl, on hearing that her mother had lost a law-suit, said, "*Dear mamma, I am so glad that you have lost that nasty suit that used to plague you so!*"

Mr. Ogilvy, a Scottish clergyman, at Lunan, in Forfarshire, had a great deal of eccentricity in his character and manner. One Sunday, when he was in the middle of his sermon, an old woman who kept an ale-house in the parish, fell asleep: her neighbour jogged her, in order to awaken her. The parson seeing this, said—"I'll waken her fast enough—*Pheew!*—(whistling)—*Janet! a bottle of ale and a dram!*"—"Coming, sir."



History-painting is certainly the first, but not the most profitable line in the art. A portrait-painter says, "Painters of history make the *dead live*, and do not begin to *live* themselves, till they are *dead*.—I paint the *living*, and they make me *live*."



One Dr. Hunter, a Scottish clergyman, in what he facetiously terms "A faithful Translation of Sonnini's Travels in Egypt," informs his readers, that at Malta "the *ridges* of the houses are all *flat terraces*," and that, "at Rosetta the inhabitants *cut the throats* of their ducks, and *in that situation keep them alive*, with their wings broken;" and lastly,

that "the Orientals never take a *walk* but on horseback."



Mr. Campbell, an Argyleshire Laird, has given a specimen of the *bull*, even beyond any of those just recited. The excellent military road in that county, constructed under the late general Wade, running through part of his estate, he has recorded his sense of this improvement by a conspicuous monument, on which is inscribed the following distich:—

"Had you seen this road *before it was made*,  
You'd lift up your hands, and bless general Wade."



Dr. Walker, professor of natural history at Edinburgh, a man of great science, and also of great worth, is not a little finical in dress. His hair-dressing was, till lately that he got a wig, the work of two or three hours every day. Once when he was travelling from Moffat, where he was then minister, to pay a visit to the late sir James Clerk of Pennicuick, he stopped at a country barber's shop on the way, in order to have his hair dressed. The barber, who, although he had often

heard of his customer, but was unacquainted with his person, did all that he could to obey the numerous directions which he received; with astonishing patience did he for three hours curl, uncurl, friz, and labour at the doctor's hair; at length, however, he could not avoid exclaiming, "Why, in all my life I never heard of a man so ill to please as you, *except the mad minister of Moffat.*"



A gentleman having complained to a friend of his wife's *infidelity*, the other answered, "Don't mind it; it is a complaint of which none *die*, but on the contrary a great many *live* by it."



An old lady, possessed of a handsome fortune, disinherited her niece, and bequeathed her property to a young man who had found the means of *pleasing* her. After the old woman's death, the gentleman and the niece happening to meet, she said to him in great good humour, "Sir, you have got my aunt's property at a very easy rate." As she was young and handsome, he answered, "Madam, as you seem to know what it cost me, *you shall be welcome to it at the same*

*price."* She took him at his word, and they shared it happily together.



Messier Carrado, of Naples, had a servant named Chinchillo, who one night, to treat his mistress, cut off the leg of a crane that he was roasting for his master's supper. When the bird came on the table, and the master asked what was become of one of its legs, Chinchillo immediately swore that cranes had but one leg. The next morning, as he was riding behind his master, he made him, in order to convince him he was right, observe several cranes at roost on one leg, but his master shouting, they put down the other leg and flew away; whereupon Chinchillo, perceiving that his master was angry, cried out, "How lucky it was that you did not shout last night, for your crane would have put down the other leg and flown away as these did, and you would have lost your supper." Carrado laughed, and forgave Chinchillo for his wit.



A gentleman of very high rank sent express for Lord Thurlow, when Chancellor, to Windsor. As he was walking



and the Terrace, his lordship coming up, said, in his blunt way, "Well, what do you want now?"—"Oh, Thurlow, I am glad you are come; I want you very particularly."—"Well, what's the matter?"—"You have such a living in your gift at present."—"Yes, and what then?"—"I am to beg you to give it to a man I wish to befriend."—"Indeed! but I shall do no such thing; such livings don't come every day; why, it is fifteen hundred a year."—"No matter, you must oblige me; this is a very worthy man, with a large family, and *he has made me a present of a capital white horse.*"—"Well, I tell you, I won't."—"Come, come, Thurlow, you must for once oblige me; and more than that, I'll get you to write him a letter, saying that it is entirely of your own suggestion on account of his worth."—"I'll be damned if I do."—"No! indeed you must do it; I shall very soon have a living of five and twenty hundred in my gift, and I promise you that I shall give you the disposal of that, if you let me have this, and write the letter as I want it."—"Well, if your jockey parson must have it, tell me where he lives, that I may write to him."

When Sir John Scott brought in his bill *for restricting the liberty of the press*, an Irish peer suggested that all *anonymous* publications should have the *name of the author* on the title-page!



An Irish officer, after reading the accounts of Bonaparte's deaths, said, "This rebel thief has had as many *lives* as one Plutarch, that I read about when I was at school, and he has cost the *gypsies* as many floggings as Plutarch cost me."



A certain *auctioneer*, having become a *publican*, and soon after being thrown into prison, the following paragraph, respecting him, appeared in a morning paper:

"Mr. —, who lately left the *pulpit* for the *bar*, has been now promoted to the *Bench*."



At the review of the volunteers on the king's last birth-day, when the *half-drowned heroes* were *defiling* by all the best ways, the *Bloomsbury* walked straight through. This being reported to the king, his majesty, with his usual jocularitv, said, that the *lawyers always went through thick and thin*.

A case was lately argued before the Court of Chancery, in which there was some dispute about the age of a woman, whom counsellor Graham (now the baron) had stated to be five and forty, rather against the evidence. The Master of the Rolls disputing a little the position of Mr. Graham, the latter said—"I'll lay you a bottle—my lord, I beg your pardon, I really forgot where I was."

An Irishman purchased the sixteenth of a lottery-ticket, for which, as tickets were high, he paid a guinea and a half. In a few days it came up a twenty pound prize, for which, on application at the lottery-office, he received three and twenty shillings. "Well," says Pat, "I am glad it is no worse. As it was but a twenty pound, I have only lost eight and six-pence, but by Jasus if it had been a twenty thousand I should have been ruined."

A small wine-merchant knowing that nothing could win Mr. Elwes's heart so much as to make him presents, begged his acceptance of some very *fine wine*, and in a short time obtained the loan of several

hundred pounds. Elwes used ever after to say, *It was, indeed, very fine, for it cost him twenty pounds a bottle!*



In the year 1793, when the duke of Richmond had the command of the camp on Warley Common, he ordered that a captain should always do duty in the kitchen, to superintend the dressing of the soldiers' meat. Being asked the reason, he said it was, that his officers might be accustomed to *stand fire*.



An attorney in France, having purchased a charge of bailiff for his son, advised him never to work in vain, but to raise contributions on those who wanted his assistance. "What, father," said the son, in surprise, "would you have me sell justice?"—"Why not?" answered the father: "*is so scarce an article to be given for nothing?*"



Lord Armadale, one of the Scotch judges, and son-in-law to the late celebrated Lord Justice Clerk, has a son, who at the age of *eleven or twelve* rose to the rank of a *major*. One morning his mother hearing a noise in the *nursery*,

rang to know the cause of it. "It is only," said the servant, "*the major greeting for his porridge.*"



There being a law-suit between Mr. Foot and Mr. Ross, respecting the Edinburgh theatre, let by the latter to the former, which came by appeal before the House of Lords, the matter was terminated in favour of Ross, and Foot was saddled with the costs. When he had paid the bill to Mr. Walter Ross, Mr. Ross's Scotch solicitor, he said to him, "Now, Walter, when do you go to Scotland?"—"To-morrow."—"And how do you travel? I suppose, like the rest of your countrymen, you will do it in the most economical manner."—"Yes," replied he, "I shall travel *on Foot!*"



At an inn in a market-town upon the great road leading to Holyhead, where a country company of comedians were murdering the language of some of our best dramatic writers, an Irish gentleman sat in the kitchen smoking his pipe, and regarding with pleasure a fowl that was roasting for his supper—a tall meagre

figure stalked in, and with an earnest and melancholy look at the fowl, he retired with a sigh: repeating his visit a second time, he exclaimed, "By G—d that fowl will never be done in time."—"By J—s," says the Irishman, "what do you mean? that fowl is for my supper, and you shan't touch a feather of it."—"Oh," replied the other, "you misunderstand me: I do not want the fowl; but I am to play *Oroonoko* this evening, and we cannot begin for want of the jack-chain."



A lady was some time ago followed by a beggar, who very importunately asked her for alms. She refused him; when he quitted her, saying, with a profound sigh, "Yet the alms I asked you for would have prevented me executing my present resolution." The lady was alarmed lest the man should commit some rash attempt on his own life. She called him back, and gave him a shilling, and asked him what he meant by what he had just said. "Madam," said the fellow, laying hold of the money, "I have been *begging* all day in vain, and but for this shilling I should have been obliged to *work*!"

A negro in Jamaica was tried for theft, and ordered to be flogged. He begged to be heard, which being granted, he asked, "if white man buy stolen goods, why he no be flogged too?"—"Well," said the judge, "so he would."—"Dere den," replied Mungo, "is my massa, he buy tolen goods; he knew me tolen, and yet he buy me."



A gentleman, after dining with a friend in the country, was preparing to go away, but could not find his *spurs*. The entertainer begged him to sit down and take another glass, till the servant should find them, adding, "*A spur in the head is worth two in the heel.*"—"That may be true," said the guest, "but if I did I should be afraid that I might *ride with my head in the stirrup.*"



When Mr. Baretti, the Italian lexicographer, was tried at the Old Bailey for stabbing a pickpocket by whom he was attacked in the Haymarket, a numerous body of noblemen and gentlemen appeared to speak to his character: among the number was his *very particular friend* and companion Dr. Johnson; who, on

being asked if he knew Mr Barette, replied, in his energetic manner, "Yes, I do know him to be *the errantest coward that ever lived!*"



A gentleman being on a morning visit to Lady Bridget Tollemache, the conversation turned on fashion and female dress.—The long waists and the short waists—the high heads and the low heads—the high heels and the low heels, each had their turn; at length, said her ladyship, "So, sir, extremes of fashion do not meet with your approbation—but pray what think you of short petticoats?"—"That fashion," said he, "your ladyship may carry as high as you please."



Soon after the Duke of Norfolk had abjured the errors of popery, he visited his seat of Worksop Manor, in Nottinghamshire; as he walked in the garden he asked some questions of one of the gardeners who he found did not know him: "Your master," said the duke, "I am told has changed his religion; pray what do you think of it?"—"Why," said the gardener, "I know not what to think of it; I hope, however, his grace will



make a *good Protestant*, for I have been told he made a *very bad Catholic*."



An English gentleman visited at a house in Paris, where he was very hospitably entertained, and where the amiable hostess displayed all that gaiety for which the French women are remarkable. The husband happened to leave the room for a short time; shortly after, madame lost all her vivacity, and, at length, rose up, and after giving John Bull a hearty box on the ear, flew out in a rage. Immediately after, the husband entered, when our countryman told what had happened. The Frenchman was astonished. "You have not, I hope," said he, "been guilty of any rudeness to my wife?"—"Assuredly not, sir."—"Good God! what can be the matter then? what did you say to her?"—"Why, I talked about indifferent matters, about the weather and the news."—"Then," said the *Parisian husband*, "I am not at all surprised at her behaviour, *when, being left alone with a fine woman, you had nothing to entertain her with, but the weather and the news!*"

A gentleman who died about twenty years ago in the north of England, worth not less than thirty thousand pounds a year, held a system of *economy* that would have done honour to Mr. Elwes himself. He lived in his kitchen, having no domestic but an old woman, and boarded with a little farmer that rented the fields immediately round his house. One day three neighbouring gentlemen who were taking a ride, proposed to call on him. On their knocking at the door, the old woman looking out at the window, asked what they wanted. They said they wished to see Mr. ——. “If you have any business with him, you must go to his attorney at ——.” “We have no business with him, we are so and so (mentioning their names), and have called to dine with him; where is he?”—“Dine with him!” exclaimed she; “why, he is out in the hay-field, with his dinner in his pocket.”



The same miser used every year to go to London to receive his dividends, and, for economy, lived while in town with his attorney. A —shire gentleman happening to see him there, and very ill,

on going to the country a day or two after, called and told the old woman of it. "Then," says she, "if he be so ill, I am sure he will be down by the next stage-coach."—"How," replied the gentleman, "can you suppose such a thing? his travelling so far in a stage-coach at this season, and at his time of life, would be no very probable way of getting his health."—"Ah! sir," says she, "you do not consider how cheap he can come down in the stage-coach, and how much it would cost to have him carried down in a hearse!"



It was told Lord Chesterfield that Mrs. W——, a termagant and scold, was married to a gamester: his lordship said that *cards* and *brimstone* made the best *matches*.



A minister, not the present one, related to a courtier the ridiculous manner in which councils of state are held in some of the nations in Africa. In the council-chamber are placed twelve jars half full of water. Twelve statesmen enter naked, and stalking along with great gravity, each leaps into his jar, and

immerses himself up to the chin, and in this attitude (well adapted for *cool* reflection) they deliberate on the national affairs. "You do not smile," continued the minister. "Smile!—No," answered the courtier, "I see every day a more ridiculous thing than that."—"Pray, what?" returned the minister. "A country," replied the other, "*where the jars alone sit in council.*"

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A person asked the minister of his parish what was meant by "*He was clothed with curses as with a garment.*"—"My good friend," said the minister, "it means that he had got a habit of *swearing.*"

...@...

To a gentleman who was continually lamenting the loss of his first wife before his second, she one day said, "*Indeed, sir, no one regrets her more than I do.*"

...@...

Soon after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the deputies of the Reformed were treating with the French King for a peace. The articles having been agreed on, the deputies required security for their performance. "What!" said the

king, "is not my word sufficient security?" One of the deputies answered—  
*"No, by St. Bartholomew, sir."*

...@...

*A letter from a father in Sunderland, to  
 his son in Newcastle.*

SON,

Thy mother hath taken an old coat of mine, to make thee one against this time. I have sent Peggy with the old mare: thou and she can ride back by turns. I am told thou makest little progress in thy learning, for which thou art an *ass*, and

I am thy father,

July 13th.

R— T—.

...@...

*Curious advertisement taken from the  
 Clonmell Journal.*

*Run away last night, my wife, Bridget Coole. She is a tight neat body, and has lost one leg. She was seen riding behind the priest of the parish, through Fermoy, and as we never was married, I will pay no debt that she does not contract. She lisps with one tooth, and is always talking about faries, and is of no use but to the owner.*

*Aug. 17. PHELM COOLE his mark.*

*The following letter was actually written to a merchant at Norwich.*

“SIR,

“This is to acquaint you, or your heirs, that I heard you was dead: but I packed up some wool before you was so, though I would not send it before I knew whether you was dead or no, and what circumstances you died in. I beg a speedy answer, and remain your’s, &c.”

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The following inscription is copied from over the door of a house in a small village in Dorsetshire;—“John Sibbins, tailor, schoolmaster, and astronomer. I also keep a journeyman to do all sorts of blacksmiths and carpenters work, and to hang church bells, &c. Any gentleman as bespeaks a coat may have it on Friday or Saturday without fail.—N. B. Being rumoured that I attends to leave of business on account of me being elected church-warding, I hopes my friends will not give eare to such blood-thursty reports, by their humble servant,

“JOHN SIBBINS.”

—•••—

*Advertisement from the Balinasloe Journal*

“Whereas it has been reported that was the man pillored about three week

ago, at Balinasloe. Now I will give five guineas to any body that will prove the same; or, I will bet twenty guineas to one that I am *not* the *other man*.

SHADY MACKURIKYZ.



Mr. Bradshaw, a farrier, after defending himself from some supposed calumnies, concludes by public advertisement, in a south country paper, with these remarkable words:

“N. B. If any thing should be said of me I am not the person.

JOSHUA BRADSHAW.”



The following extraordinary advertisement was published in Malton, in the month of February, 1774, as appears from one of the York newspapers printed at that time.

To all good christians that love ale. Notice is hereby given, that *excellent ale* is sold at the *parsonage-house*, the sign of the *White-Horse*, in KIRBY-UNDER-DALE.



Copy of an advertisement in the Chelmsford paper.—“A report having prevailed in the parishes of Braintree and

Boking, that I, William Lee, of the East Essex Militia, was *executed* at the Old Bailey some time since, I take this method of returning my most *grateful thanks* to the inhabitants of the said parishes, for their *kind insinuations*, and at the same time to inform them, that I am *alive* and *well* in the above-mentioned regiment.

Sept. 6, 1796.

WM. LEE.



The following sweet bit of information to the ladies appeared in the Shrewsbury paper.—“A young man, not long set up in business, pastry-cook and confectioner, wants a wife suitable to him, who can assist him in business; his time being much taken up, takes this method for one; he will have no objection to a lady's maid! not one who professes ladies themselves need apply, as he well knows his business will not support ladies. Any young woman as this may suit, by applying to W. G. near Market Hall, Ludlow, may be treated on this subject.

“N. B. Fortune will be no object, so they can have a good character from the people in general.”—What character the gentleman has we cannot say: he seems,



however, not to be over-baked, so that the lady, if an artist, may mould him to her own mind.



A man who has lately opened an ale-house in the vicinity of Bloomsbury square, has put the following very singular inscription in large letters, over the door—" Thomas Francellon, late coachman to Lord Thurlow,——*the Old Black Bear entire.*"



*Inviting offer.*—A person in Hull jail has published a notice, that if the man who committed the offence for which he is imprisoned, will come and confess the same, he shall be *handsomely rewarded.*

Jan. 1796.



A learned wight a few nights ago, was informing a number of friends, how unanimously a certain vote passed, " in short (said he) it passed *crim. con.*"



A certain innkeeper in the county of York must be a *bold man* indeed; in a paper a short time since he advertises:— Robert \*\*\* having taken and entered upon those spacious and *well accustomed*

premises, the *Empress of Russia*, hopes for the *assistance* and encouragement of all gentlemen, travellers, &c.



In a late paper a taylor advertised in the following manner:—"Wanted a *Gentleman* thoroughly qualified in that business, as partner with a *gentleman* of that *profession* in *full practice*. The gentleman who advertises will treat with any gentleman whom this may suit, on the most *genteel* and *amiable* terms."



*Modern refinement* — A lady not many days ago, took her daughter to a boarding-school in the country, for the purpose of tuition; when, after the first salutations were over, the matron fixed her eyes upon some worked picture subjects in the parlour; and pointing to one more attractive than the rest, asked "what is that?"—"That," replied the tutoress, "is Charlotte at the Tomb of Werter."—"Well I vow," rejoined the lady, "it is vastly beautiful.—Betsey, my dear, you shall work *Charlotte* in a tub of *water*!"



A taylor, at Tantoby, near Tanfield, in the county of Durham, had lost his

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apprentice, and in consequence thereof inserted in one of the Newcastle papers, published on the 12th inst. an advertisement which concluded with the following remarkable sentences:—"Whoever will give information of the said apprentice to his said master, which may be the means of bringing the said apprentice to justice, and whoever may employ the said apprentice after this public notice, shall be punished as the laws direct." Jan. 1796.

The following curious bill was found on examining the papers of Mr. Gitton, Attorney, in Bridgnorth, who died a few years ago.

Hon. Sir Thomas Gitton, Esq.

Debtor to John Ridley,  
Carpenter.

Sept. 27, 1759. For hacking & hewing  
& sawing & squareing  
& cutting & contriving  
& hanging John Ridley,  
three days and a half  
7s. 6d.

The following advertisement, which appeared in a country paper, will shew how nearly vulgar life approaches to the

depravity of the great world. "To be sold for *five shillings*, my wife Jane Hebband. She is stoutly built, stands firm on her posterns, and is sound wind and limb. She can sow and reap, hold a plough, and drive a team, and would answer any stout able man, that can hold a *tight rein*, for she is damned *hard mouthed* and head-strong; but if properly managed, would either lead or drive as tame as a rabbit. She now and then, if not watched, will make a *false step*. Her husband parts with her because she is too much for him.—Enquire of the printer.—N. B. All her body cloaths will be given with her."



*The following is a literal copy of a note received at a Register Office, in Chester.*

"Wanted, a woman servant, that understands all works of necessity, she must be honest and indefatigably diligent, one who can rub and scrub, no tittle tattle, but must frown on her neighbours; a good semstress, religious, no going out on a Sunday, wash and get up linen, to read good books, no Welsh; about thirty years of age, good looking, robust, broad set, understands a little cookery, a

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lover of church, good humoured, no waster of coals and soap, and must not take snuff.—Any person possessed of these qualifications will meet with an extraordinary good place, and if approved of, will be allowed the tea-pot after it comes from my table; she must find herself sugar.—N. B. I keep a very good house for meat, but providing we shall fall short of meat in the middle of the week, we make out with penny mutton-pies, there is no scant or want.”



Stuck up in a window of a rural laboratory in a Cornish village, is the following scrawl:—"God fries eord ill hand adder mad Sins," literally meant by the writer, to inform the public, that the shop-keeper sells "Godfrey's cordial and other medicines."



A recruiting serjeant, addressing an honest country bumpkin in one of the streets in Manchester, with—"Come, my lad, thoul't fight for thy King, won't thou?"—"Voight for my King," answered Hodge, "why has he fawn out we ony body?"

Our tonish fair are all *feathers* and *petticoats*—our bucks are all *breeches* and *cravats*. What would our sober ancestors have said to this whimsical compound? We can make neither *head* nor *tail* of them.



*Bon Mot.*—Dr. James was sent for to a widow lady who was not very well, who asked him, if sea-bathing would not be a very good thing for her? “Why yes, madam, if a widow won’t keep without being salted.”



*A phenomenon!*—A lady advertising for a place, says, “she is perfect mistress of her own tongue.”



Our brother Pat seems to take it ill of the east winds for having saved him any trouble.—“Arragh be asy, if you had not blown him to the bottom, I was after blowing him up, do you see?”



*The Abbé Terray.*—The following droll incident is said to have occurred during the administration of this great *concessionnaire*: A child, the solitary hope of a noble family, had swallowed a shilling,

or a piece of vingt-quatre sols. Application was made to the most skilful of the medical tribe in vain: when at last a physician appeared who promised to effect a cure. Upon further consultation, he confessed his inability also; but said if he were well fed, he could name a person that would certainly perform the operation, and that was the Abbé Terray, the comptroller-general, for he was sure *he could come at it, whenever a shilling was to be found in France.*



Theophilus Cibber was really an ingenious man; inheriting much of his father's spirit, his literary turn, and his disposition for extravagance: a great voluptuary, and in every way indiscreet in his conduct. He acknowledged that the following *jest* related of him was a fact, viz. that once, when applying to his father, the laureat, for a supply of cash, the old gentleman said, "Theophilus, you are an extravagant dog! When I was your age, I never spent half so much of my father's money."—"Sir," said young graceless, "I don't know how that might be, but I know you have spent a vast deal of my father's money."

*Tommy the ventriloquist.*—This curious genius was once in the market-place, Sheffield, when he addressed a fish-woman on the price of her fish, and holding up a tench, he put his finger in its mouth, and asked the woman if it was fresh; to which she replied that *it was in the water yesterday*, he might be assured. Tommy, throwing a sound into the fish's mouth, said, *It's a damned lie; I have not been in the water this week, you know it well.* The woman fell as flat as a flounder, and it is said, was never known afterwards to tell a lie.



Dr. Johnson remarked that he would have no objection to hear a Scotch parson preach, provided he would harangue from a tree. As this is a sort of elevation from which persons in general are only in the habit of delivering their *last speech*, a wag has interpreted the expression of the doctor very charitably to convey, that he would have no objection to listen to a Presbyterian sermon if the preacher was to make his exit at the conclusion of the discourse.



A Dean of Canterbury, remarkable for holding a great number of church-preferments, travelling slowly in his chariot to that city, was overtaken by a poor parson, who had procured the loan of a good horse. The parson, *en passant*, bowed most respectfully to the dean; who, desiring him to stop, begged he would call at the Mermaid at Rochester, and order him a dinner, to be ready at a certain hour. The parson accordingly called on the host, and told him that he would be honoured with a visit at such a time, and must provide a good dinner. "For how many, and please your honour?" says Boniface.

"Why," replies the parson, "I can't well say how many persons the whole company will consist of; for I only saw the Dean of Canterbury, the Canon of Winchester, the Provost of Litchfield, the Rector of Orpington, the Vicar of Romney, and one of the King's Chaplains."

The parson then proceeded to his own home, which was within a few miles; and the landlord began to make ample provision for the numerous guests he expected to entertain. Accordingly, when the dean arrived, a large table was spread,

and the cloth laid. "How's this!" cries his reverence; "you have shewn me the wrong room! This, surely is intended for a large company!"

"And please your honour," replied the landlord, "Parson Singlechurch called about an hour and a half ago, and told me I must provide for your honour, and the Canon of Winchester, and the Rector of Orpington, and one of the King's Chaplains too, and I don't know how many more; and so I thought, and please your honour, I'd get enough."

"Oh, very well!" coolly answered the dean, who now recollected himself; "I ought to have asked Mr. Singlechurch to have staid and dined with me."

...@...

An Irish fisherwoman, who was accustomed to charge her veins rather too freely with her favourite whisky, having been one day blooded, the apothecary told her that her blood was very bad. "By Jassus," says she, "Mr. Doctor, but it is a great big lye! for I was always reckoned to have the best blood of any woman in the parish." ...@...

In a certain principality, where the labourers in the spiritual vineyard are often

obliged to fiddle as well as to pray, for the necessary support of themselves and families, about half a century ago lived an honest and ingenious man of the sacred profession, who having a great deal of duty to perform, for which, however, he received a very inadequate recompence, was often necessitated to cut as short as possible, leaving his hearers to meditate on what he meant to advance in confirmation of his position. One Sunday, in particular, being engaged in the afternoon to play several airs on the Welch harp, on which instrument, as well as the violin, he was an excellent performer, he delivered the following incomparable sermon to his different parishioners; which, for brevity, method, point, and moral, we recommend to the attentive perusal of every sincere christian throughout his majesty's dominions.

JOB, chap. i. ver. 21.

*Naked came I out of my mother's womb,  
and naked shall I return thither.*

In discoursing from these words, I shall observe the three following things.

First, Man's egress into the world.

Secondly, His progress through the world.

And, Thirdly, His egress out of the world.

To return—

First, Man's ingress into the world, is naked and bare.

Secondly, His progress through the world, is trouble and care.

And, Thirdly, His egress out of the world, is nobody knows where.

To conclude—

If we do well here, we shall be well there.

And I could tell you no more were I to preach a whole year!

...@...

The celebrated Dr. Pitcairne lived some years in Holland, but seems to have entertained no very favourable sentiments of that industrious people, as appears by the following extemporary lines on his taking farewell of the country:—

Amphibious wretches, sudden be your  
your fall;

May man *undamn* you, and G—d d—n  
you all! ...@...

A clergyman, in a northern county of Scotland, being engaged in examining his

parishioners on the principles of the christian religion, discovering a very old man amongst his audience, grossly ignorant of the most simple truths of christianity, enquired if he knew the name of his Maker? John scratched his head, and at last answered, "It was my father." The clergyman turning to a child a few years old, said, "Pray, my dear, who made you?" The child readily answered, "God Almighty." The parson addressing the hoary clown, remarked, how criminal it was in a man of his advanced age, to be ignorant of his Almighty Creator, Preserver, and Benefactor, when even an infant could so readily answer the question. "De'il thank him," said the old fellow, 'he was last made.'



Donald M'Gregor, a notorious sheep-stealer (alias sheep lifter) in the north Highlands, being at last overtaken by the grim tyrant of the human race, was visited by the minister of the parish, whose appearance, however, was by no means pleasant to Donald. The holy man warmly exhorted the dying Highlander to reflect upon the long and black catalogue of his

sins before it was too late, otherwise he would have a tremendous account to give at the day of retribution, when all the crimes he had committed in this world would appear in dreadful array, as evidence of his guilt. "Och! Sir," cried the dying man, "and will a' the sheeps, and the cows, and ilka thing Donald has helped hersell to, be there?" — "Undoubtedly," replied the parson. "Then let ilka shentleman tak' her nain again, and Donald will be an honest man!" cried the Highlander—and expired.



M. Santeul coming into compan, after having attended a very dull discourse, delivered by the Abbé C \* \* \*, observed to his friends, that the Abbé had done better the year before.—"He did not preach then," replied one of the persons present.—"That is the very thing I mean," replied M. Santeul.



Such is the force of female curiosity, that Lady Wallace, who is never at a loss for an answer, one day affected to be wanting on that point: "Pray, sir, (said her ladyship to a country gentleman) I

am often asked what age I am, what answer should I make?" The gentleman immediately guessed her ladyship's meaning; said, "Madam, when you are asked that question again, answer that you are not yet come to years of discretion."



One day Socrates, having for a long time endured his wife's brawling, went out of his house and sat down before the door, to rid himself of her impertinence. The woman, enraged to find all her scolding unable to disturb his tranquillity, flung the contents of a chamber-pot on his head. Those that happened to see it, laughed heartily at poor Socrates; but that philosopher told them, smiling, "I thought, indeed, after so much thunder we should have rain."



Anacharsis, the Scythian sage, being asked, "In what respect learned men differed from unlearned?" answered, "As the living from the dead."



A gentleman in the course of his morning lounge visited a lady fond of the study of geography.—In order to shew his wit, and ridicule the lady for her attach-

ment to the science, he remarked, she could not in the map of England, even find *Minehead*.—The lady smartly replied, “I can easily find *your* head, sir, and here it is,” instantly pointing her finger to *Leatherhead*.



Zeno thus addressed a garrulous youth —“Nature gave us two ears, and one mouth; that we might hear much, and talk little.”



An Irishman shewing to his acquaintance the drawing of some remarkable building he had seen abroad, a gentleman in company objected to one of them, and alledged it was not like the place said to be represented. “By Jasus!” says Pat, “but you’re after being mistaken now, for it was drawn from *life*.”



A person who kept a jack-daw, used frequently to put his finger into the cage to him, the daw bit him, and the man said “damn it, how you pinch!”—The jack-daw being out of his cage, a kite took him up, and flew off with him, while the daw kept crying, “damn it how you pinch!”



Bannister asked Andrews when he intended bringing forth another new play, "Why," replied Andrews, "my muse is big and will soon be delivered."—"Then," said Bannister, "I ll come to the *groaning*."



A short time since a clergyman preaching in the neighbourhood of Wapping, observing that most part of his audience were in the seafaring way, very naturally embellished his discourse with several nautical tropes and figures. Amongst other things, he advised them to be ever on "the watch, so that upon whatever tack the devil should bear down upon them, he might be crippled in action." "Aye, master," cried a jolly son of Neptune, "but let me tell you, that will depend upon your having the weather-gage of them."



When our renowned knights of the fist exercised their pugilistic talents at the Lyceum, in the Strand, a spectator, standing under a kind of gallery, on one side, was advised by his friend to move, lest the gallery should break down. Having cast his eyes up, he replied, "Its contents

appear composed of that description of men who are esteemed of *no great weight.*"

One of the criminals lately under sentence of death in Newgate was visited by the Ordinary, who gravely urged him to acknowledge the justness of his sentence, &c. to which the culprit answering, the divine demanded to know whether he *renounced the d—l* and all his *works*? The poor fellow, shrugging his shoulders, replied:—"That he begged to be excused, for as he was going to a strange country, he did not wish to make himself any enemies."

A hair-dresser at Nantwich, after dressing a gentleman in an apartment above stairs, in his precipitancy to go down, accidentally fell, and dislocating his neck, died upon the spot. One of the jurors, summoned to enquire into the cause of the poor man's death, meeting with some difficulty in finding the place where the body lay, at last very vociferously bawled out in the street, "Where does the man *live* that broke his neck?"

A young student in the law line was obliged by lot to inscribe his name among

of the new levies of the Imperial army. He presented a petition to the emperor, stating that as he was on the point of being called to the bar, he flattered himself he could be of more service to his country as a lawyer than as a soldier. "My good friend," said the emperor, "you are not ignorant that I am engaged in a very intricate *suit* against the French convention, and that I want the assistance of men of talents, as you appear to be. Have the goodness to accept these twelve ducats.—Do your duty, and I promise you promotion."



Mr. and Mrs. Kemble were visiting lately at a gentleman's seat at Kendal, where a lady belonging to the family sung and accompanied herself on the *piana-forte*. Mrs. Kemble delighted with the performance, whispered her husband, "Oh, that I had such *notes* in my voice!—" "Yes, my dear," replied he, "they would be *bank notes* to you."



That the following circumstance should have escaped the vigilant observation and accurate research of Mr. Boswell, who has collected every particular respecting Dr.

Johnson, that he conceived would either London interest the public or increase the size of their his book, is rather surprising. As a per- wise son was shewing the doctor the castle of move Edinburgh, he mentioned to him a tradi- pel w tion, that some part of it had been stand- that t ing three years before Christ. "Much duty faith, replied the doctor, in his usual Creed manner, "is due to tradition, and that would part of the building which was standing was s at so early a period must undoubtedly that have been the rock upon which it was day." founded!"



There are many persons of weak intel- Ar ney, c lects who place great value on very fri- estate volous accomplishments, and become very game vain of possessing them. A stranger came to his to Lacedæmon, to see the city, who had of th acquired the habit of standing a long own time on one leg. Exhibiting this trick to permi a Spartan, he told him, vauntingly — one, "You could not preserve that posture gentle so long."—"I know that," replied the —" bow) Lacedæmon, "but a goose can."



About thirty years ago, great com- slave plaints were made that the watchmen of

either London and Westminster had neglected  
 size of their duty to a great degree. On this a  
 a per-wise senator in the house of commons  
 title of moved for leave to bring in a bill to com-  
 tradi-pel watchmen to sleep in the day time,  
 stand that they might the better discharge their  
 Much duty in the night.—The late Sir James  
 usual Creed begged the honourable member  
 that would include him in the bill, “for he  
 nding was so cursedly troubled with the gout,  
 tedly that he could neither sleep night nor  
 was day.”



An impudent and overbearing attor-  
 intel-ney, once in a company of farmers, whose  
 y fri-estates did not qualify them to shoot  
 very game, was observing, with more regard  
 came to his own importance than the feelings  
 o had of the audience, that in addition to his  
 long own *little manor* he had lately obtained  
 ck to permission to range in a neighbouring  
 y — one, “so that (continued he) you see,  
 sture gentlemen, I have now two *little manors*.”  
 d the —“Very true (replied a person at his el-  
 bow) you have indeed too *little manners*.”



com-“Sancho, (said a dying planter to his  
 n of slave) for your faithful services I mean to

do you an honour; and I will leave it in my will that you shall be buried in our family ground."—"Ah! massa, (replied Sancho) Sancho no good be buried—Sancho rather have de money or de freedom; besides, if de devil come in de dark to look for massa, he make de mistake, and take away de poor negro man!"



A dispute happening between two officers on board a vessel, whose crew were a mixture of Irish and English, in the course of the contest one of them asserted, that the English could not answer a common question with half that propriety natural to the Irish. A bet being proposed, it was agreed to try the question immediately. An Englishman was asked what he would take to go up aloft blindfold in a hard gale! "I would take a month's pay," said the fellow. "And what would you take Pat?" said one of the officers to an Irishman. "Nothing," said the Irishman, "but fast hold!"



A cobbler being censured by a disappointed customer for getting drunk and not attending his *stall* on the Queen's

it in birth-day, replied, "sir, you ought to know that this is a holiday at all the *public offices*."



A counsellor not long since attempted to quiz a country parson who had a fine snuff-box. — "Doctor, (said he) your box is large enough to hold the freedom of a corporation." — "Sir, (said the priest) it will hold any freedom but your's."



A gentleman who had proposed to enter into a corps of Volunteer Cavalry, was observing to a friend that he was very much troubled with the rheumatism, and though he could mount a horse with great ease, he was afraid he should frequently be unable to get off.—"Pho! (said his friend) you may be easy on that score, you will most likely be *killed off*."



An Irish recruiting officer, at Manchester, some time since, related the following anecdote to induce some of the wondering auditors to enlist under his banner, "Gentlemen, to prove to you how very profitable the profession of a soldier

in the present war is—there were no less than fifty-three *gold assignats* taken from the *breeches pocket* of a single *Sans Calotte* after the battle of Jemappe.”



A young lady in Cheshire, who had been deceived by three different lovers, of which one was a Presbyterian, the other an Irishman, and the third a Clergyman, made a solemn vow never more to have any connection with either *Irishman*, *Presbyterian*, or *Parson*. Shortly after a gentleman, who was a stranger, but of very amiable manners, and very pleasing address, having offered himself to her, she consented to marry him, and after their marriage it appeared that he was—an *Irish Presbyterian Parson*.



*Reversing the order of things.*—An old man, who had seen something of the world, and who was desirous that his son should profit by his experience, told him that nothing was more important in the conduct of life, than to do every thing in its proper order and proper place. For instance, said he, if you desire to settle in the world, get first a *house*, then a *wife*,



then a *child*. The young man, however, profited as little by this short lesson, as the son of the Earl of Chesterfield profited by his lordship's voluminous lessons, for he got first a *child*, then a *wife*, and then a *house*.



*Ways and Means.—A literal fact.*—A labouring man in Salford, had a wife, who, like some of her sex, is rather fond of a drop of the *good creature*, but withal very industrious, having sacrificed rather too freely to the *jolly God*, was under the necessity of pawning her husband's clean shirt;—it being wanted on Monday morning to change poor Hodge's linen, she was much distressed how to get it back: when she was suddenly struck with the singular idea of depositing in the *iron gripe* of the pawn-broker, a *leg of mutton*, intended for the Sunday's dinner — accordingly the *leg walked off* to the broker's, and proved a good *shift* to redeem the *shirt*. Dinner hour approaching, she was once more in a dilemma, and the mutton being in *durance*, it would have puzzled Mr. Pitt himself to get out of it. —Honest Nell, however, with an imagi-

nation as fertile as may be, instantly washed Hodge's dirty shirt, dried and ironed it, away she ran to the pawn-broker's, and had the mutton smoaking hot on the table by noon!—*All's well that ends well.*



*Brotherly love*—Surely the good old days of Bishop Bonner are returned, and shortly we may expect to see political hereticks roasting in the fires rekindled in Smithfield.—We are assured the following toast was drank in a public manner:—"May the tree of liberty be transplanted into hell, and eternally bear as fruit the souls of all republicans."



The following ludicrous business was transacted a few years ago at Swinton, near Rotherham, by Jonathan Towett, a farmer there, who suspected some illicit practices between his wife and William Taylor, a porter of that place:—Towett agreed to sell his wife to Taylor for twenty-one guineas; the bargain was struck, and Mrs. Towett was actually delivered to Taylor, who paid the money at Wath Bowling green, to which a re-

gular procession was first made, in the following order; Towett went first, having his head ornamented by his own desire, with a large pair of ram's horns gilt; on the front of which was wrote in golden letters, "*cornuted by William Taylor*"; a broad collar was fixed about his neck, to which a ring and a cord was fastened; one of his neighbours led him, and the wife with a *halter* about her neck, was led by her husband to the place appointed, amidst the shouts of upwards of one thousand spectators.—Towett returned the purchaser one guinea for good luck, and all parties seemed perfectly satisfied.



Some little time ago, a conscientious milk-woman of Bristol, having strong objections in her mind to the common practice of mixing milk and water together, in nearly equal quantities, and who yet was loth to relinquish the profits of that part of the trade, hit upon the following method of mixing the milk with water, so as not to alarm her conscience: she caused the cows to drink plentifully of water, at the time they were milking,

in order that the mixture might be made *before the milk came into her possession.*

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“ This last seed-time I was in the field (says the late Rev. Robert Robinson, of Cambridge, in one of his letters) along with a young gentleman who looks after my farm, and he was digging a water-furrow across a land. It was strong clayey soil, and he groaned, so that in pity, I took the spade and went into the ditch, which was very dauby, and presently groaned too, at which he fell a laughing. What do you laugh at? “ Pardon me, sir, I recollected that a minister lately said in his sermon, that preaching was the hardest work under the sun. I wish the fool was in the ditch, he would soon learn that some of his authors had taught him to tell fibs.”

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Of a man who was stuffed full of puritanism, a person expressed a doubt whether he had any religion in his heart. How can it be in his heart, says another, when it's always in his *mouth*?

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A country justice lately haranguing the

jurymen at a quarterly meeting, having occasion to mention the badness of the roads—"Gentlemen," said he, "I am not going to the further end of the country to prove what I say; for the way that I am obliged to go to my own house, is quite *unpassable* to any thing but a *beast*!"



A criminal, who was on the point of suffering death, very unwillingly permitted Jack Ketch to put the halter about his neck; but being equipp'd with it, says he, I wish Mr. Jack (touching the cord) you would find a more eligible *situation* for me, for really I do not like *this line of life*.



A gentleman was some time ago in want of a footman, and having procured one, asked him if he understood the requisites. The fellow hesitated, and begged the gentleman to explain himself, for really he did not know what he meant. The gentleman replied, "suppose I ordered you to lay the cloth, you would naturally conclude that knives, forks, &c. were the requisites."—"Oh!" re-

joined the footman, "I entirely comprehend you, sir, and you may depend upon my attention to that or any thing else you employ me in." The servant was hired, and was a few days after ordered to go for the apothecary, his master being ill. Away John posts to the apothecary, from him to the physician, and so on to the undertaker, and all three soon after waited on his master. On their arrival the gentleman rung the bell, and John soon obeyed the summons. "How is this John (said he) I only ordered you to go for the apothecary."—"True, sir, (replied John) but I recollected the *requisites*."



Sir David Gam, in the reign of Henry V. attended the king in the expedition to France, which terminated in the battle of Agincourt; previous to which he was detached to reconnoitre the enemy, reported to be in great force, and being asked their numbers, replied:—"An't please you, my liege, there are enough to be killed, enough to run away, and enough to be taken prisoners."

*French prophets.*—One of them, at the beginning of the last century, went to Sir Thomas Parker, chief justice of the court of king's bench, and told him, from the *Lord*, that he was to issue a *noli prosequi*, with regard to some of his brethren. The answer was, that if he had come from the *Lord*, he would have been directed to the Attorney General, whose business it was to do such things.



Some of the wicked inhabitants of Nottingham have lately been guilty of a most notorious act of sedition. — On a board, placed up by the police, at the extremity of the town, they have erased the word "*Vagrants*," substituting "*Tyrants*" in its place. And it now reads— "*All Tyrants entering this town, will be whipped, and sent to their settlements!*"



Upwards of a thousand people were lately assembled in Long-acre, London, viewing a Ghost on the top of a house, the corner of Cross-street. The Ghost was seen very plainly to move its head round; and some of the women in the

neighbourhood, who were too much frightened to go to bed, actually discovered at day-light that it was a—*weather-cock*.



The contrast formed by the name and the offence of *Virgin*, who lately stood in the pillory at Hull, reminds us of the lines said to be written by the late Dean Swift, on the door of the Angel Inn, then shut up and without its sign, but which had been kept by two sisters, one named *Patience*, and the other *Grace*, the former of whom was dead, and the latter given up to a loose life—

*Patience* and *Grace* once kept this place,  
An angel watch'd the door;  
Now *Patience*'s dead, the angel's fled—  
And *Grace* is turn'd a ——!



Two Jews, old cloathsmen, with venerable beards, were passing by a stable-door near Tottenham court-road, one Saturday, when a couple of jackets so fascinated them, that they could not resist the temptation to give them a place with their own wares. Whilst they were secret-ing the jackets, the two owners, who were



drinking porter on the opposite side of the way, were observing the transaction. They rushed out, seized the Rabbies, locked them up in the stable, and went in quest of certain preparations, which promised better things than a jail, or lawyer's wig, or a fine. They then tied the Rabbies together, matted their beards, and smeared them with warm shoemakers wax. As soon as the wax was cooled, and the people around had enjoyed sufficiently the sight of the venerable patriarchs in this fraternal embrace, the postillions applied to each nose by intervals, a few pinches of snuff, which occasioned such a concussion of noses, and such sputtering, that, of five hundred spectators, there was not one who did not depart highly pleased with this spectacle of distributive justice.



An illiterate man in the South of Scotland, lent a sum of money to an acquaintance, upon his own note of hand and without a witness. After some time, he demanded the money, which the borrower refused, alledging that the time of payment had not arrived. His repeated ap-

plications were treated in the same manner. At length, fearing the loss of his property, he shewed the note to a neighbour, when it was found to run on these terms:—"I promise to pay to, &c. *on the day of judgment*, the sum of, &c.—After the consternation caused by this flagrant attempt to deceive, the man was advised to apply to a magistrate, who instantly summoned the borrower before him. The latter, having the audacity to insist on the impious tenor of his note, the magistrate addressed him in the following manner: "Then, sir, your own terms shall be acceded to; but *the day of judgment* may be nearer than you imagine. *This, sir, is the day of judgment*; and if you do not instantly pay the money which you have, by a most daring and wicked device, endeavoured to defraud him of—I will send you to jail, and have you punished both for your fraud and your prophaneness."



A curate, who had the honour to preach before the Bishop of D. acquitted himself with great ease and self possession. The prelate in conversing with him, in-

quired by what means he had acquired such assurance before so large an audience. "I consider them as so many *cabbages*," replied the preacher. "But what do you think of me?" rejoined my lord.—"As a cauliflower among cabbages," said the curate.

...Q...

To prove that the religious fanatics of the present age are as foolish, if not as malevolent, as the political ones, a certain popular preacher, expressed himself to this effect in one of his late sermons.—

"My friends if you neglect the opportunities which you enjoy under my ministry, there is no doubt but your damnation will be ten-fold.—At the great day of judgment the Almighty will address me in this wise: "*Mr. G. have you preached the gospel to these people?*" —

"Yes, sir, but they would not hear me;"—"would not they? then send them to the hottest place in h—ll "

...Q...

An honest farmer, who reads the bible every Sunday (according to the custom of better times), came lately to his rector, and asked him, "whether this war

would not *go hard* with the French?"—The doctor said, "if it pleased God, he hoped it would."—"Nay," says the farmer, "I am sure it will then; for thus he declares by his prophet Ezekiel, chap. xxxv. ver. 1. "Son of man set thy face against Mount-seir." Now my wife, who is a better *scholar* nor I am, says this can be nothing but *Monsieur*, the Frenchman. And in almost the next verse it is stronger than that, for there, doctor, the prophet adds, "O Mount-seir! I will make thee desolate!"



A parson in Dumfries was saying from the pulpit, "what was it think you, gude people, that swallowed Jonah? It was na horse, it was na cow?"—"I suppose, (said an old woman) it was a whale, your reverence."—"I suppose (replied he) you are a fool, you might as well take the bread out of my mouth as the scriptures."



A ludicrous mistake happened a few years ago at a funeral in Marylebone, in London.—The clergyman had gone on with the service, until he came to that

which says, our dear *brother* or *sister*," without knowing whether the deceased was *male* or *female*. He turned to one of the mourners, and asked whether it was a *brother* or *sister*; the man very innocently replied, "no relation at all sir,—*only an acquaintance.*"



An eminent holderforth among a set of christians in a northern county, some time ago, preached a sermon for the edification of his little flock, from the following text:—"But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." After he had almost exhausted his eloquence on this subject, and being fearful lest the comprehension of his hearers had not kept pace with his oratory—he concluded the whole by repeating his text, with an additional remark.—"But (said he) seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you, like paper and packthread, which you always have given over at the grocer's shop, when you lay out your money."

In the course of last year, at a chapel of ease not far from Manchester, the minister, after drawling through one chapter, in a tone and manner so very *composing*, as to assist the congregation with that common church malady—the *yawnings and noddings*—at last gave his hearers this exhortation: “THEREFORE COMFORT ONE ANOTHER WITH THESE WORDS—*Here endeth the second lesson.*”



A curate reading the following text of scripture—“O fools and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken.” Placed the emphasis on the word *believe*, as if they had been called fools for *believing*: on the rector’s reproof, when he read it next he placed the emphasis on *all*, as if it had been foolish in the disciples to believe *all*; the rector again blaming his manner, the good curate accented the word *prophets*, as if the prophets had been in no *respect* worthy of *belief*.



A clergyman in Essex, who had long *farmed* his tythes alternately among his

parishioners, began at last to suspect that the rogues endeavoured to keep the income of his *small* living still *less*, and so determined, that year at least, to take his *tythes in kind*. To "*cheat the Parson*" is one of the oldest jokes in the history of agriculture. These gentlemen determined not to be behind with their predecessors; and, in the last harvest, sent for the Parson to take away his *hay* the moment it was cut down, alledging, that as soon as it was cut down into *swathes* it was no longer grass, and that he might *turn and cock it himself*. Rather than "*go to law*," the Parson submitted, and took his next Sunday's text on *brotherly kindness*, beginning thus:— "*Brotherly kindness may be divided into three parts—domestic affection—social love—and charity; from all which proper inferences may be drawn for instruction.—Thus brethren, I give you a sermon in swathes—you may turn it and cock it yourselves.*" The plan succeeded; his parishioners doubled the income, acknowledging it even then less than it should be; and thus what *justice* and *law* might have kept from him for years, was given up to a clerical joke.

## CROMWELL AND THE DEVIL.

Dr. Thomas Nettleton, of Halifax, one of the instructors of Professor Sanderson in the mathematics, being one day in company with several gentlemen, one of them was laying great stress upon Dean Echard's account of Cromwell's selling himself to the Devil before the battle of Worcester, affirming that the bargain was made for 21 years, but that the Devil had put a trick upon Oliver, by transposing the figures, and so lessening the term nine years; and then turning hastily to the Doctor, asked him what could be the Devil's motive for so doing? The doctor, without hesitation replied, "He supposed he was in a hurry for the *restoration*."



Dr. Campbell, the author of the Survey of Great Britain, was so absent, that looking once into a pamphlet at a bookseller's shop, liked it so well that he purchased it, and it was not till he had read it half through, that he discovered it to be his own composition. This he told the late David Hume.



## Toasts and Sentiments.

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**ANNIHILATION** to the trade of corruption.

Ability to serve a friend, and honour to conceal it.

All we wish and all we want.

A speedy export to all the enemies of England without a draw-back.

A good horse, a warm house, a snug estate, and a pretty wife, to every man that deserves them.

All that love can give, or sensibility enjoy.

Confusion to the minions of vice.

Calamity to those who would make us feel calamity.

Conscious innocence, and constant independence.

Dignity with pride, and condescension without meanness.

Great men honest, and honest men great.

He that sees his neighbour's faults with an eye to his own.

Humility in prosperity, and fortitude in distress.

In the tempests of life may we never  
spring a leak, nor lose our standing  
rigging.

Long live the king that seeks his people's  
love.

May Britons feel an interest in all great  
events that do honour to human nature.

May we never feel miseries before they  
come.

May we be just to our prince, and true to  
our country.

May the lovers of the fair sex never want  
means to support and spirit to defend  
them.

May the sword of sorrow never wound  
the heart of sensibility.

May no son of the ocean be ever devour-  
ed by his mother.

May the friends of our youth be the  
companions of our age.

May the coward never wear a red coat,  
nor the hypocrite a black one.

FINIS.

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